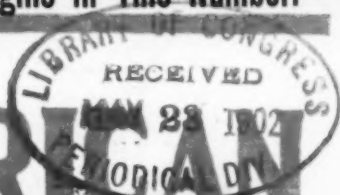


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MAY, 1902

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THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS NAOMI M. HOOPER,
Milwaukee, Wis.



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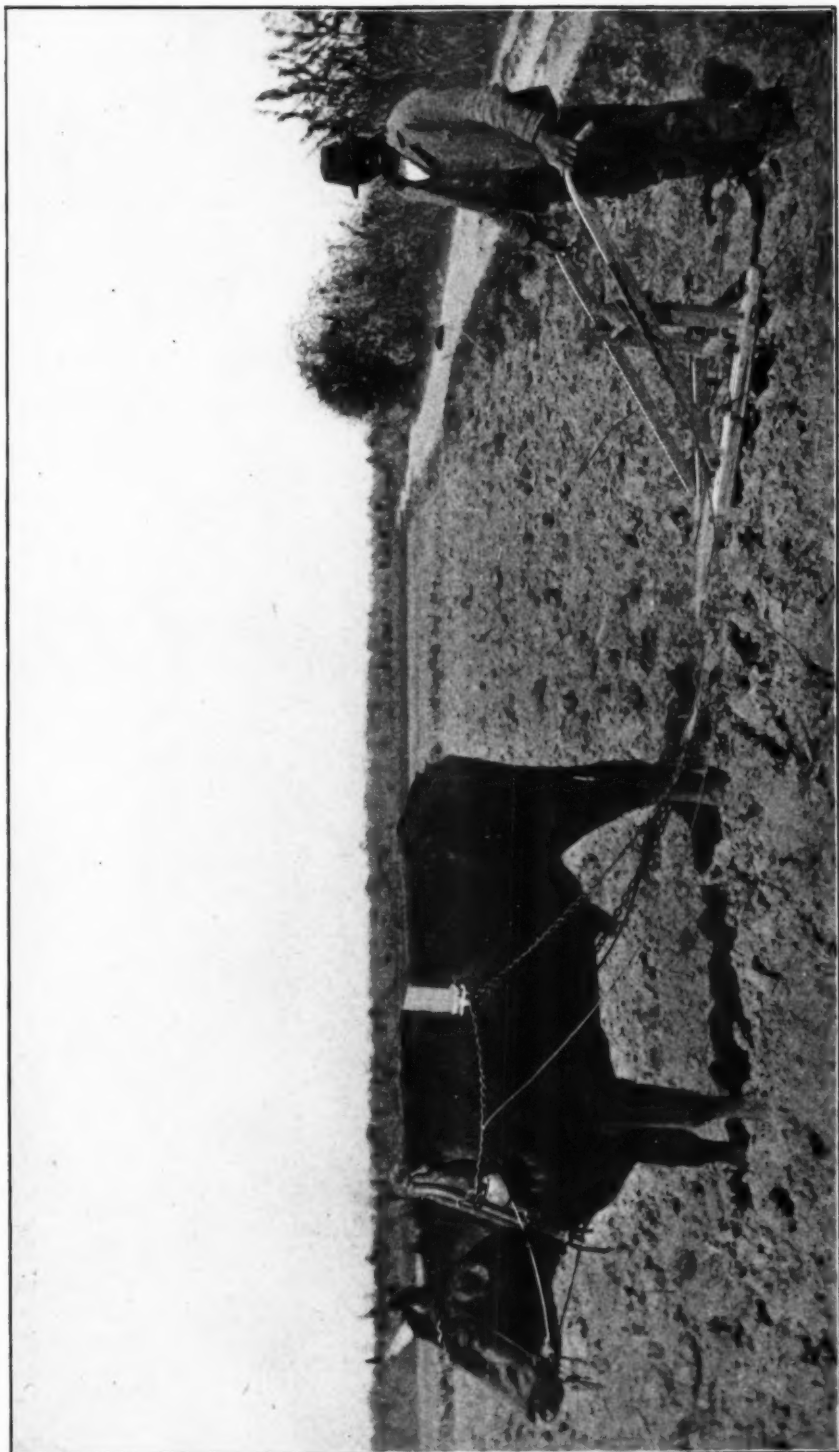


"Broke open the doors, seized my father, and hung him to the nearest tree."

The above picture is from the book "Contending Forces," and shows the high quality of illustration in this fascinating volume. This book is by the same author as "Hagar's Daughter."

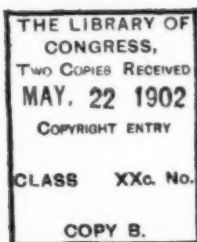
BE SURE AND READ IT.

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10



Specimen of Amateur Work by W. W. Holland.
See page 3.

A TYPICAL VIRGINIA FARMER.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

MAY, 1902.

No. 1

JUNY AT THE GATE.

JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

Beside a gate rudely possessed
By clambering vines of ivy now,
Once, as the sun sunk in the west,
A young girl stood with anxious brow.

A fair, dark girl from whose deep eyes
The love-light beamed so tenderly,
And dripped like moonbeams from the skies,
When summer skies from clouds are free.

Her soft curls clustered 'round her head,
And clasped her fair form tenderly;
And her full lips were ripe and red
As cherries on their native tree.

Beneath her feet a river flowed—
Kissing its silent shores adieu;
Beyond, adown a dusky road,
She watched a dim form fade from view.

Her brother! he had kissed her cheek,
And whispered: "Wait down here for me."
She pressed his hand, but did not speak,
And waited for him silently.

The gathering night frowned black and grim,
Like glaring eyes the red stars burned;
And still she waited there for him,
Who never, nevermore returned.

The wind moaned like a restless ghost,
The stream sobbed like a broken heart;
And still she lingered at her post,
With fluttering breast and lips apart.

Ah well would they who checked his pace,
In other days than slavery's reign,
Have loosed him, had they seen the face
Of Juny waiting him in vain.

But O! fell Slavery's cruel chain
Loosed not a captive that it bound;
But tightened at each cry of pain,
To goad its victim's rankling wound.

Moons waxed and waned—long years rolled on,
Long, cruel years of toil and pain—
Seed-time and harvest-time had gone,
And yet he never came again.

And yet, with melancholy face,
And massy, dark, disheveled hair,
Each night, in the old meeting place,
Stood lovely Juny, waiting there.

O that was in the long ago,
And Love, remembering, sadly weeps!
Now, by the yellow, swift Yazoo,
Where long she watched, sweet Juny sleeps.

The warm sun shines, the grasses wave,
Ivy and musk-grape haunt the spot;
Wild songsters sing above the grave,
But the lone sleeper waketh not.

No troublous thoughts nor earthly care
Shall pain that gentle heart again;—
The only sigh that murmurs there
Is "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Fail, song of mine, our leave we take;
Alas! O cruel slavery!
The tenderest heart that ever brake,
And none to tell the tale but me.

When long my rhyme shall be forgot,
Some bard this story will relate,
And master hands will paint the spot,
With Juny waiting at the gate.





ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

Specimen of Amateur Work by W. W. Holland.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

W. W. HOLLAND, HAMPTON, VA.

I've worked as guide, where I carried out a great many white parties, and almost always one at least of the party carried a camera. On the other hand, it has been my pleasure to meet hundreds of young colored people of both sexes, from many of the largest cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Many of them were teachers and representative members of our race. Because of my great interest in photography, I have always watched to find one colored girl with a camera of any kind. Not one have I seen.

I do not mean to say by any means that none of our young people know how to make pictures. I have heard of many who have made the business a profession, and others who are amateurs, but that number is so small and thinly scattered that I have not as yet met one.

There is no reason why our women and young people should not take a part in an art that is so interesting, inspiring, and of such financial worth to its mas-

ter. Again, the profession is in its infancy and they have a chance to grow with it and acquire as much as any other women.

We, as a race, have a tendency to aspire for everything our white brother has; but especially is this true as regards the showy, "gay," and dressy things.

Now, here is an art that nearly every white person loves to the very depths of his heart, and we know that it is worth knowing. Then why not copy after them in this particular?

It is a characteristic of our people to love pictures and music, but our taste along these lines has not been cultivated. Most of us admire flashy, red, or otherwise brilliant pictures, as we also like the "Cake walks" and "Ragtimes," but when we look upon Raphael's masterpieces or hear the "Messiah," only the select few can see the beauty or appreciate the harmony and realize the handiwork of the Almighty.

I have visited a great many homes of our people and most of the sitting rooms

were decorated with pictures and ornamented with a piano or an organ. But too often the selection and arrangement of these were poor. Usually you will find the enlarged pictures of relatives. These enlargements are cheap, and of course poor. Next to grandfather's picture you find hanging an actor or a red print of a circus stage. The next



A PORTRAIT.

Specimen of Amateur Work by W. W. Holland.

picture on the wall or easel will probably be "Christ Suffering on the Cross." In other cases you will find rooms decorated with only Biblical pictures, or relatives, or great men of our race. These are good in their place, but someone must tell us where they belong and how to select and arrange them, and just what picture to put in a certain room. There must be some harmony between our pictures and the other things in and around our home.

My dear young woman, these homes stand begging you for help. Can you give it? You who are teachers and leaders must know good pictures and must be able to select the best and help

your neighbors to do the same or else you will fail to do the best part of the work allotted you. If you have not this knowledge, I can assure you that it is within your reach. A little kodak, a small developing outfit, and a few pennies worth of material will give you a start. Take a stroll the first sunny afternoon across the field, meadow, or street, and you will find enough good pictures to furnish your best room. If it is hard for you to select pretty pictures, then spend a few minutes daily in reading some good photographic journal which you can get for fifty cents a year, or buy one hundred and twenty reproduction of masterpieces, which can be had for a very small expense, from any of the leading houses in that line. I should advise Millet's pictures. Many of these represent the life you may find around many of your homes. Now make a few pictures of the same kind of objects and compare yours with them for a few general qualities. Do this for several weeks, each time raising your standard a little higher, until you have done your best, then ask the criticism of some older artist, and when he has given his ideas, start off again to reach his standard. A few months of practice in this way will give you a fair knowledge of good pictures, and you will pull down your circus and advertisement pictures, your cheap enlargements, and in their places put up landscapes, marines, interiors, etc.

Most of our young people appreciate good photographs which are so hard to obtain at a white gallery. Like many other business places, the whites do not solicit our patronage, therefore a good opening stands ready for us. A chance for our young women to come forward and do a good business. I say women, because I feel that they are especially adapted to the work. Photography requires nimble fingers and hands that are not clumsy, artistic taste, love for the beautiful, and neatness. These qualities combined in the proper proportions are what every woman should have, and all photographers must have. We cannot say too much about neatness and

exactness, because they are the greatest drawbacks to amateurs. Most women, however, have little trouble along this line, because they generally see things closely enough to discover little spots, discolorations, or ragged edges, that, perhaps, a man would not notice.

A knowledge of photography will be useful to our women in many ways. As

trate their lectures or their conversations with friends.

A mother should know all about pictures that she may teach the children to love the best ones and to know the qualities that make a good picture. It is a fact that needs no demonstration, that the love and knowledge of beautiful things has much to do with our morals.



Specimen of Amateur Work by W. W. Holland.

A HOME SCENE.

I have already said, it gives them a chance to make a paying business. There are schools already opened where they can acquire the profession at a small expense. Also it is useful in everyday life, whatever our occupation may be. Teachers can make their work much easier by a few pictures to illustrate some fact in their geography work. A seamstress will find it a great pleasure to get a snap shot of some special style of dress that she could not obtain otherwise. Cooks will highly appreciate the picture of an ornamented cake which they had never seen.

Travelers will need pictures to illus-

But we must see beauty in a broad way and not confine it to finery. All Nature is a storehouse of beautiful things, and the more we recognize them the nearer we come in close contact with the Creator.

Most women raise a great many objections to photography. They say, "It is too expensive," "too much trouble," or "so difficult." Science has moved all the old difficulties out of the way. No more wet plates to bother with. For amateurs, no focusing, only turn your lens toward the object wanted until you see it in your finder, touch the button and you have an exposure. No more

do you have to tone your paper. You make the print and give it a salt bath and it tones itself. Some people say, "It takes too much time. I cannot wait for a sunny day." That is all right. Science has made it possible for you to make an exposure on a cloudy day and your prints by lamp light in less time than it used to take to print by sunlight. These facts are so plain and the directions which are given with every outfit so simple, that a child only twelve years

Some people think that you cannot make a good picture unless you have a costly camera. This is not true in all cases, because you do not always get the best for the largest price. You will please notice the picture on page 6.

It was made after six months of practice with a camera and outfit which cost only ten dollars. The definitions are clear. The light is soft and diffused. The figure stands out as most people like. Yet this picture has several faults



A MORNING IN THE COUNTRY,

Specimen of Amateur Work
by W. W. Holland.

old can make a fairly good picture without any other help.

The expense is only trifling. Five or ten dollars will buy a nice little kodak to start with. Two dollars and a half will buy a small developing outfit. This will start you in the business. Do not make too many pictures at first. If you find it too difficult at the start, it is best for you to have your negatives and prints made by your local photographer the first few times. If you stick closely to your directions you will soon have no more trouble. I knew a young woman who was offered as a present all the apparatus necessary, and she replied, "Oh, I cannot bother with a tripod and camera. I need my hands to hold up my skirts!"

which a professional would readily recognize. The high-light in the background is too strong and is not in the proper place. Some people would criticise the position of the head. That is where most amateurs fail. They make their subject sit up too stiff and erect, and out of the natural position. Of course, when the picture is made, it looks stiff and unnatural. You can readily see that this picture has the ease and gracefulness which makes it appear so real.

The same is true of the picture entitled "A Home Scene." You see no artificial posing whatever. These two pictures will illustrate how little it costs to make pictures of your friends. The negatives of these all finished cost only

twenty cents. I can have a picture four by five inches made from either of them on the best carbon paper for ten cents. Can you get pictures cheaper than that?

And at the same time you have the experience and pleasure of making them. But these are not the only pictures that should have charms for us. We should try our skill at landscapes, sail-boats, ponds, brooks and trees.

When making a picture of a farm, it is well to have some cattle in the middle ground; of a spring, have someone standing by with a cup, but never let the pose appear artificial. We generally

get the best view of a sail-boat from the side when the sails are filled with wind. We get a good picture of a pond or stream when some tall trees are near by. It is well to have the trunk of some very large tree on one side of the picture or in a corner.

I believe that all true lovers of nature will love photography if they give it a trial. Therefore I appeal to you, my young friends, to take a part in it, because it is elevating, profitable, educating, enjoyable, and because with a knowledge of it, you can make other people and other homes happy.

JOSEPH LEE AND HIS BREAD MACHINES.

Inventive genius among the Afro-American people so seldom gets into public notice that even that one reason would be sufficient to make this subject of interest to readers of "The Colored American Magazine." Even when such genius is discovered race prejudice sets up innumerable pretexts to avoid according to it an adequate reception. If it at all meets with publicity, it is usually through the *petits savants* who make it do duty to prove the equality of the races with much the same assurance as other "thinkers" make a bad negro's record prove the bestiality of the entire Negro race.

But the inventions of Mr. Joseph Lee depend on no such accidental condition for their appreciation. They stand alone on their merits. They are of so extraordinary a character, and of so far-reaching importance to the industrial and economic world, that they would compel widespread attention even if the inventor were not a member of the arriving race.

One of his inventions, indeed, is by experts predicted to revolutionize an entire industry. When his bread-making machine has been accepted into the general use to which it now seems destined, according to reports from an ini-

tial bakery in New York using the new appliance, the old processes of bread-making will have to go and with them hundreds and thousands of "hand bakers." The Lee Bread-making Machine, therefore, has introduced itself as a serious disturbing factor in the ranks of industry, and it will be no surprise to learn that hand bakers view its advent with some apprehension and vindictiveness.

Mr. Lee has invented two bread-machines. That both of his inventions should be concerned directly with bread and the bread industry will not appear singular at all when we know his career. The inventions are the logical outgrowth of a creative mind reacting upon its immediate environment. The first employment of any consequence that Mr. Lee had when a boy was in a bakehouse. There he picked up much of the general business and some knowledge of the art of making bread. From that time till the present day he has been almost continuously engaged in vocations having to do with the preparation and serving of food. In the past, as steward of a United States coast-survey party, proprietor of several large restaurants in Boston, for seventeen years owner and proprietor of Woodland

Park Hotel, Auburndale, Mass.; at present the manager of the Lee Catering Company, 408-410 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., and proprietor of Squantum Inn, which is a fashionable summer resort at Squantum, Mass., his experience in ministering to the needs and whims of the inner man has been nearly as varied as it has been extensive.

It was while Mr. Lee was at Auburndale in the capacity of owner and proprietor of the Woodland Park Hotel that he invented and perfected his first bread-machine, which is known the country over as Lee's Bread Crumber. He was so impressed with the enormous amount of bread which was wasted for no other reason than because it was a



LEE'S BREAD-CRUMBER IN OPERATION.

During all his long and diversified career Mr. Lee has been handling and making and experimenting with the "staff of life"—bread; and what a store of theoretical and practical knowledge of the subject he has thus accumulated! He is a bread specialist. He knows bread as a Greek scholar knows Homer. He is a bread scholar; but he also knows how to make the best bread as well as write or talk about bread.

day or so old, that he set about to devise some means of utilizing stale bread. That was one prompting circumstance; another was that his own personal experience in the art of cookery had taught him the culinary superiority of bread crumbs over cracker crumbs. Prompted by these two circumstances, he succeeded in constructing a machine which by a tearing and grinding process, reduces the loaf to crumbs of any desired

size for use in making croquettes, escalloped oysters, dressing for poultry, batter cakes, crumpets and puddings, or in which to fry chops, cutlets, fish clams, and oysters. The bread-crumbing machine he sold to a manufacturing firm at Antrim, New Hampshire, of which former Governor Goodell of New Hampshire is president. One large company, the Royal Worcester Bread Crumb Company of Boston, has in a short time

The Lee Bread-Making Machine is the only bread-making machine in existence. It is not merely a bread-mixing machine such as those now used by some bakers, but a machine that, in addition to mixing the bread, kneads it a great deal better, cheaper and more hygienically than can possibly be done by hand. Only two or three men are necessary to operate the machine and produce hundreds of loaves of bread in a



HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEE CATERING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

built up a lucrative business by manufacturing bread crumbs with this machine and selling the crumbs in packages similar to packages of oatmeal, cracked wheat, and other cereals. Lee's Bread Crumber is regarded as an essential part of the equipment of every first-class hotel and restaurant.

But the achievement on which Mr. Lee's fame as an inventor will mainly and securely rest, and which has created a great stir in the manufacturing world, was the inventing of a machine for making bread—a machine that made possible the gigantic bread trust recently formed in New York City with a capital of \$3,000,000.

day, thus performing the same amount of work in the given time of dozens of men who are required by the old processes of bread-making. It is more than a labor-saving machine. Kneading done by it develops the gluten of the flour to an unprecedented degree, and the bread is made whiter, finer in texture, and improved in digestible qualities.

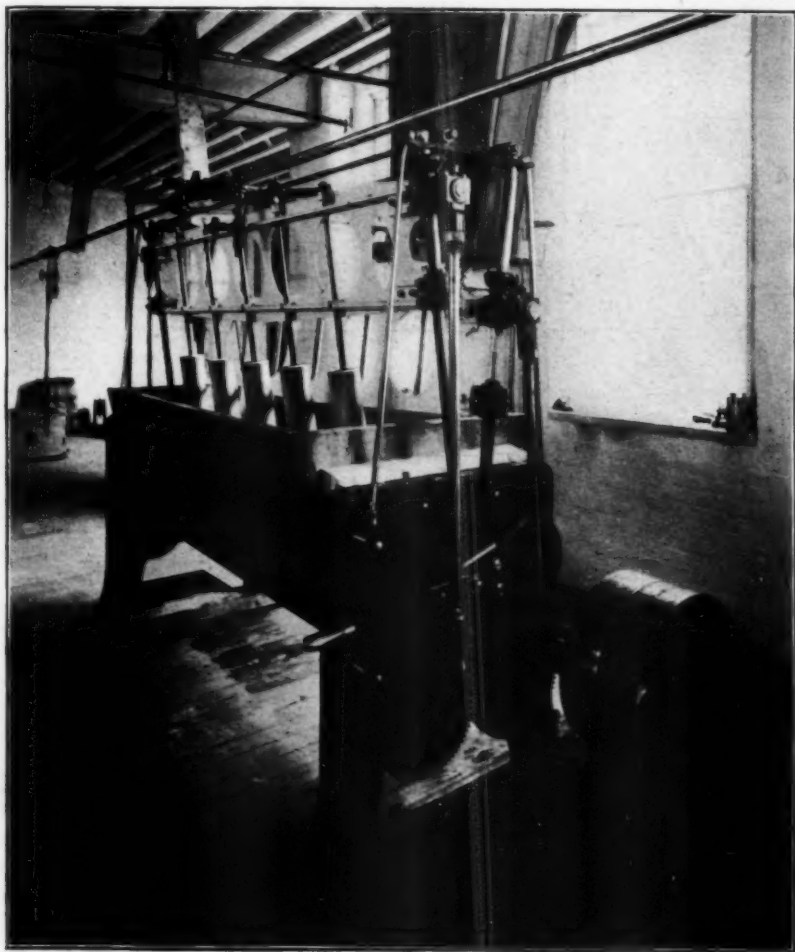
One of the most striking features of the new process as introduced by the Lee machine is that the "thorough kneading develops the latent qualities of the flour and brings it to such a condition that it not only absorbs and retains more moisture, but thereby makes a

more sound, palatable and better-keeping bread. Without making 'heavy' bread, this also increases the total weight of dough obtainable from a barrel of flour.

A pamphlet just issued by the National Bread Company, which is the

bread business, as conducted by baking companies at the present time, are about two dollars per barrel of flour baked. By the use of this machine the profits are doubled.

By far the largest proportion of all the bread that is sold is made by hand.



THE LEE BREAD-MAKING MACHINE.

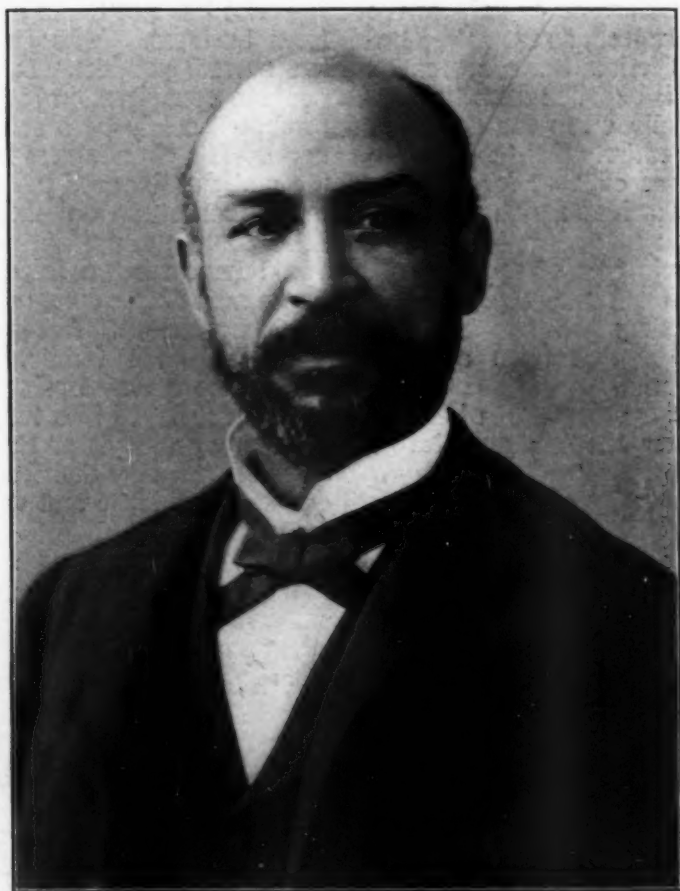
name of the bread trust controlling the manufacture and use of the Lee Bread Making Machine, states:

"The machine will produce sixty pounds more of finished bread from each barrel of flour (being 350 pounds as against 290 pounds by the old method). The bread is absolutely clean, wholesome and appetizing, and is entirely free from any unhealthful ingredients. The profits in the wholesale

The unsanitary conditions of nearly all such hand bakeries are not only disgusting, but dangerous to health. The kneading, baking and handling of the dough and bread are done in dirty cellars where fresh air never circulates, and where rats, mice, roaches and other vermin abound. The kneading of the dough is performed by hand under these unfavorable conditions by men whose surroundings cannot induce fastidious or

even cleanly ideas. A bread eater should not pause to think of these things, nor, in summer, to think that the temperature of the cellar bakery may have been over 100 degrees and the man kneading the dough may have been perspiring profusely at the time.

merely mixing machines. In the one case, therefore, the dough is imperfectly kneaded, and in the other case it is only well mixed and practically not kneaded at all. Consequently, a comparatively large amount of yeast must be used to produce a dough that will raise within



JOSEPH LEE, BOSTON, MASS.

"It will be freely admitted that domestic home-made bread is generally superior to baker's bread. The explanation of this difference lies in the thorough manipulation and kneading that the dough receives in the home process, and the comparatively small amount of yeast used. A professional baker (hand) cannot or does not give the necessary time to this thorough kneading, and the machines used in the other bakeries are not kneading machines, but

reasonable limits of time. Thus, the quality of the bread in both cases is affected by the lack of thorough kneading and by the use of an excessive amount of yeast."

"Simple as this machine is, it is unique, and there is no competing mechanical device in existence that is similar to it or capable of performing the same work. The kneading part of this machine when in action very closely approximates the manipulation by the hu-

man hand in kneading dough, while the two pieces that serve the purpose of mixers are revolving in opposite directions, thus keeping the parts of the mass in ever-changing relation to each other and producing a most thorough admixture and kneading of the materials and the dough. All this is done without any interference or help of the human hand. Indeed, so far as the human-contact objection been overcome, that the dough is expelled from the machine mechanically when the operation of kneading is entirely finished."

The advantages claimed for the Lee Bread-making Machine may be summed up as follows:

1. Economy in cost of production.
2. Freedom from the objectionable feature of human contact.
3. Increased output from a given quantity of material.
4. Decreased percentage of waste due to the better keeping qualities of the bread.

5. Superior quality of the product.

Such are the contributions of the in-

ventive genius of Mr. Joseph Lee. Of the man personally a few additional particularities may not be inappropriate here. The traits of his character which stand out most prominently are late and early "sticktoitiveness," courteousness, and cheerfulness combined with a never-failing sense of humor. For many years Mr. Lee has not taken a single holiday from business. His courteousness is the natural product. It arises from a genuine consideration for others. It is prompted solely by a sense of brotherhood. His cheerfulness has endured in the midst of financial difficulties and reverses bordering on serious disaster. His failure at the Auburndale hotel would have thrown into lasting dejection a man of less composure and cheerful determination. But Mr. Lee at once moved with his family, into Boston, opened up a new business, which he rapidly developed into the Lee Catering Company on Boylston Street in the exclusive Back Bay district, where he today enjoys a large and wealthy patronage.



THE SQUANTUM INN. See page 10.

REV. I. B. SCOTT, D.D.*

THE CHRISTIAN EDITOR, AUTHOR AND ORATOR.

Editor of "The Southwestern Christian Advocate."

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

Martin Luther, the great reformer, once said, "The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment, and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

Men of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. All that is good in the world is upheld by such men, and it is eminently proper that the records of their lives should be given to the world that the youth of our land may read of their good works and follow their bright examples.

To mould opinion for two hundred and eighty thousand people is not only a great honor but also a great responsibility. The Southwestern Christian Advocate, an official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stands for the entire Afro-American membership of that body and is one of the strong forces in moulding public sentiment in this country. Without detracting anything from the former editors of this excellent journal, the credit of bringing it up to its present high standard must be given to Dr. I. B. Scott, who now has editorial charge of the publication.

Dr. Scott has been a minister of the gospel, a college president, and an editor, and in each profession he has been successful. Wiley University in Texas flourished while he was at its head, and the solid foundation upon which it now rests was builded more compactly by him.

I. B. Scott was born in the state of Kentucky, where he lived until after the

death of his father in 1866, when a year later his mother moved to Austin, Texas. He graduated from the Classical Department of Central Tennessee College at Nashville, Tenn., in 1880, and after spending some time studying theology, returned to Texas and began his life work. Mr. Scott was given a place as a teacher in the State Normal School, which he held until he resigned to accept an appointment in the Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Scott held a number of the best appointments of this Conference was presiding elder and has represented the body four times in the General Conference.

In 1893, Rev. Scott was appointed by the board of managers of The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, President of Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, which place he filled with great credit. In 1896, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recognizing the necessity for a change in the editorial management of the official organ of the church published in the South, elected Dr. Scott editor of The Southwestern Christian Advocate, and after serving four years he was re-elected in 1900, by a vote of six hundred and thirty-five out of a possible six hundred and fifty-seven.

His editorials take a wide range and touch every possible subject that concerns the affairs of the church, the country or the well-being of his race. He is considered a conservative, and yet true conservatism is the rankest radicalism, the principal difference being the manner of expression rather than the sentiment expressed. Both say what they please; they only differ in the way they say it. This is strikingly true

* Copyright, 1902, by Cyrus Field Adams.

in Editor Scott's case. He is a staunch defender of his people, whether conditions in the church or outside of it prompt his utterances.

Though he lives in the heart of the South he discusses the leading race questions as freely and as fearlessly as do

Dr. Scott sometimes tells of his visit to a meeting in the backwoods of Mississippi where one of the pastors had secured quite a number of subscribers among the illiterate Caucasians of that region. Some of these seemed a little curious to see him, so they attended the



REV. I. B. SCOTT, D.D.

Editor of "The Southwestern Christian Advocate."

his editorial brethren who feel that they are safe in some Northern state. Occasionally he gets a letter from some hot-headed Southerner warning him not to come that way, or he is denounced in some Southern newspaper, but that is the end of it. The Southwestern Christian Advocate is read largely by the Southern Caucasians, many subscribing for it, others borrowing it from their Afro-American neighbors.

meeting. At the close of the services one of the more prominent among this class said: "I wer'nt expectin' to see a man with a pleasant face and voice like yours. I thought you was a big, rough bulldozer; your face looks pleasanter than your paper reads sometimes."

Dr. Scott does not class himself among the brilliant orators of the race, and yet he seldom or never fails to please an audience and frequently capti-

vates it. He believes in driving at something and convincing his hearers. As one of his brethren puts it: "We frequently listen to more flowery speakers, but when we hear him we feel like going right at once to do what he has told us to do; in other words we cry out, 'Let us fight Phillip.'" His strong points as a speaker are his earnestness, his simplicity and his wit. The stories he tells on the platform usually hit the mark, and either convulse his auditors with laughter or move them to tears. Editor Scott is in constant demand at our universities and colleges as commencement day orator or to preach the baccalaureate sermon.

Rev. Scott is on the very best terms with the leading men and general officers of his church without regard to race. He enjoys the utmost freedom in his editorial management of his paper, and evidently has the entire confidence of his church. In addition to having been a member of four General Conferences he has been a delegate to two Ecumenical Conferences, one having been held in this country and the other in London, England. He has been assistant secretary of the General Conference at three quadrennial sessions, being one of the two Afro-Americans so honored, and also served four years on each of the following committees: Book, General Missions, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid.

One of Rev. Scott's Caucasian friends delights in relating the following: While in Philadelphia once the late Dr. Kynett invited Mr. Scott and a prominent Caucasian gentleman to take lunch with him at one of the hotels of the city. When they reached the table the good Doctor said, "Now, Brother Scott, you sit here between us and that will make a ham sandwich with the ham the best part of it as usual."

Editor Scott is thoroughly devoted to his church, and for a year or two after coming to the editorial chair, he had several spirited controversies with different Afro-American papers, which meant, as he believed to reflect on the relation he and his brethren sustained to the great Methodist Episcopal Church. Of late such taunting references are of rare occurrence, either because the papers that indulged in them now realize that to do so means an editorial "scrap" or because they understand the church better and respect it more on account of this editor whom they now esteem as well as the other prominent men associated with him. It is just possible that both of these reasons have something to do with the change.

Dr. Scott is a race man in its broadest sense; his every energy is exerted for the benefit of the masses and the South-western Christian Advocate is invariably on the firing line when the interests of the Afro-Americans are assailed.

COUP DE GRACE OF A SOUTHERN SCHOOLMASTER.

GUSTAVE B. ALDRICH

The dusky young man who taught the district school for colored children in that part of the county of Beaufort known as Catfish P'int, seemed to be in a very happy frame of mind as he stood just outside the door of the little log schoolhouse, meditating upon the circumstances which led up to his marriage with the charming Julia Clayton. Every

now and then a broad grin overspread his face, as he recalled some particularly pleasing incident connected with his entrance into the state of matrimony, and his right foot beat a hot tattoo on a piece of board nearby in a manner suggestive of other times and places.

From his position he could see far down the roads leading to the school-

house, and of the numberless groups of picanninnies of all sizes and colors, varying from the curly-haired little one who was almost white, through light and dark-brown, to the stalwart black boys and girls of from sixteen to twenty years old, not one escaped his eye as they moved to and fro on their way to school, or played about the grounds.

As they came up, the smaller ones invariably saluted their teacher with a merry "Good Morning," or a "Howdy, Mr. Arthur," and scampered on without a pause to their play, while the older pupils either gathered in knots beneath the trees to discuss the weather and various happenings on the P'int, or, squatted about on logs and stumps here and there, occupied themselves with vain attempts at study amid the hubbub and roar that came from within where the tiniest Sambo played hide and seek around the rude benches of the schoolroom.

Suddenly stepping inside, the teacher gave the shabby bell-rope a series of quick, short jerks, and soon the last tardy scholar was within, busily absorbed in the work of the day.

Not quite the last, however, as subsequent events portrayed. While the first class was on the floor wrestling with the intricacies of "Vulgar Fractions," the teacher's attention was suddenly distracted without the window by sounds of a deep bass voice mingled with the protesting tones of girlish treble. Rising abruptly from his seat at a little pine table, he went to the window and there beheld a scene which contributed little to his satisfaction. "Little Alden," his brightest pupil, stood under a tree near the corner of the schoolhouse, giving his best girl one of Minerva's heart to heart talks. The youngster was a splendid specimen of manhood nearly six feet high, and his inamorata was a maiden of some seventeen or eighteen years. She was, indeed, good to look at, and, as they stood there with their books at their feet and the light of love shining from their youthful faces all unconscious of the watchful eye of their teacher, they

formed a fit subject for the brush of a master artist. The teacher must have felt something of this, for he stood as if absorbed for a few moments. The background of underbrush all arrayed in foliage of every hue and color made the picture all the more impressive. The young man seemed to be deeply in earnest, for, while one bronzed arm, bared to the elbow, wound tenderly about the waist of the pretty yellow girl, the free one sawed the air vigorously enough at intervals during his protestations. The damsel appeared nothing loath to this display of affection on part of her stalwart sweetheart, but it was evident from sundry doleful headshakes and other expressions of dissent, that she was not quite ready to accede to his eager propositions.

Suddenly the teacher came out of his brown study. At first, he was much inclined to take vigorous action upon this breach of school discipline, and actually dismissed the first class with a view to that end, but recalling some occurrences of days gone by, he quickly changed his mind. His own experience with the tender passion had recently culminated in matrimony, and the honeymoon was not yet over. So it was with feelings decidedly mixed that he returned to his table and resumed the hearing of lessons. He was somewhat loth, as might be expected from the circumstances, to humiliate the offending pupils by the disgrace of a public exposure of their little love affair, and he felt the necessity of suppressing such things, but he was afraid it had now gone too far to be successfully interfered with. So he did not know what to do.

The lady out under the tree was the star of the first class. She generally took the lead in the mathematical wrestling match, and her absence this morning seemed to cast a damper upon the entire class. Several times they came near breaking down completely; the teacher was indifferent, moody and abstracted, and the lesson was a miserable failure. However, they dragged it through in some sort of fashion and were finally dismissed.

The "a b c" class was called, but the truants had not come in yet. The teacher changed his seat so that he could be seen through the window, having in mind the old adage: A hint to the wise is sufficient, but without effect. So he went on with the lessons.

This class was a motley aggregation and typical of the entire school. From the tiny black toddler, who regarded the teacher as a superior sort, to the big husky tomboy of sixteen, they ranged through all ages and sizes and showed up with books of every conceivable variety. Some brought to class Noah Webster's old "blue-back" speller; blue, alas! no longer; others loomed to the front with a few thumb-soiled leaves of a nondescript character, and one diminutive urchin actually presented to the eyes of his teacher for recitation, a green almanac, used among us mostly to advertise a certain kind of bitters.

Among the other classes the same conditions seemed to obtain. There were few, if any, recitations, in which there were more than two or three books or parts of books alike, and the general appearance of their geographies and grammars seemed to indicate that they were published in days long since gone by.

Sometime during the course of the morning the audacious young truants came sliding furtively into the school room. Approaching the teacher they excused themselves for being late on the grounds of important matters at home! Mr. Arthur had revolved in his mind various methods of meeting the case, but none seemed to suit him. He fully realized that it was one calling for the exercise of the utmost tact and he did not forget that the temper of the people on Catfish P'int would hardly improve with the knowledge of such goings-on around the schoolhouse. In the city schools and homes, through an enlightened public sentiment, principles of social propriety are early instilled into the minds of the young, but it has ever been a difficult matter to deal with such cases. It was the same old story. The respective parents of the two young

people did not get along so well together, and Sister Fulcher, the mother of the maiden had declared that her Amanda should neer marry one "o' dem dar low down Coopers."

Were it an offense of a different nature, Mr. Arthur would not have hesitated to thrash them both and been well complimented for so doing, but in this case he felt that another remedy should be applied. The trouble, however, was that he did not know what it was. Secondly, a six-footer might take a whipping from a teacher his physical inferior for the sake of an example to his younger brothers and sister, which was often done, but Mr. Arthur was not sure of his ability to cure successfully a love-fever with a long green switch of birch. Then there were other considerations. A few short weeks before, he himself had been guilty of a most flagrant transgression of school etiquette. He had not been in the neighborhood long, and this was his first experience at teaching school. But he straightway proceeded to fall in love, and had led to the altar of the little woodland church nearby the prettiest girl in the school, and while the people of the P'int had declared themselves flattered by this action, he felt some misgivings as to its effect upon the older pupils of the school. It is hardly to be wondered at that the little teacher did some things that were not so wise as might have been. Sternly bidding the lovesick pupils to remain after school he went on with his work seemingly unperturbed by so small a thing as a pupil's love affair upon his hands.

Perhaps the reader will think it all very simple. You have never been in love nor taught a country colored school. Little Alden was the teacher's favorite pupil and his hunting companion. In their many jaunts together through the woods and by the streams, the farmer-boy had poured the story of his hopes, his troubles and his disappointments into the sympathizing ear of his youthful teacher. To question the propriety of standing on such intimate terms with his pupil had never en-

tered the mind of the teacher; his amiable nature had won the love of all his scholars, and he had cast all thoughts of policy aside.

During the various recitations in which the two young people took part they were nervous and fidgety, and while the teacher watched them narrowly, he did all he could to put them at their ease pending his decision as to the proper action to be taken upon their case.

From his seat near the window that morning, he had overheard most of their conversation, and gathering therefrom their intention to run away and get married in a neighboring township that very night, his astonishment knew no bounds. But he quickly resolved to spoil their little game.

When the dinner hour had come, he borrowed a bay mare from a farmer nearby, and cantered up the road a bit. After a ride of fifteen minutes he reined up before a respectable looking cabin by the roadside. Dismounting, he strode up to the door, where he knocked loudly. His call was answered by a weazen-faced little man, who came forward and greeted him effusively.

"Well, I declar' Bro. Arthur, de sight er you is sholy good for sore eyes. Why just come right in. Well, for de laws sake alive. Whut win' blowed yo' dis way? Hain't yo' lost?" And the good brother laughed as though he were tickled to death with the visit of the teacher.

"I hardly think that I am likely to get lost anywhere around your habitation, Bro. Fulcher. I think I'd find your latchstring always hanging just outside the door," replied the visitor, as he took a seat.

"Indeed yo' would, indeed yo' would chile, an' it sholy hangs out dar for you," was the old man's reply.

Quite a bit of desultory conversation followed. The old man asked about crops, neighborhood news, school matters, etc.; how the children were getting along, especially his daughter Amanda. He expressed his opinion that "eddicat-ion" was the main thing now-a-days,

and people did not care for the Lord and his works as they did in the old days. The teacher retailed several choice bits of gossip, but was noncommittal as to schoolhouse affairs. He wished to find out how the old people felt before bringing up that matter, so he led the conversation on to other things. Suddenly the old man went to the door and called out to his wife.

"Liza! Here's de teacher; yo'd better come in, and I reckon yo'd better fix some dinner. I think he might be kinder hungry," he continued, as a tall, stately lady whose eyes and complexion rivalled the darkness of night, put in her dignified appearance.

"Why, howdy-do?" she inquired, dropping an old-time curtsy as she extended her hand to the visitor.

"We hain't seen yo' for so long. Wharabouts is yo' been keepin' yourself? I should think yo'd let that pesky old school out and come and see a body sometimes. How's Sister Sally and Brother Abraham and Unker Jim an' all de chillens down at Bro. Smith's?"

Mr. Arthur replied with a racy account of the small details of domestic life, causing the eyes of the old lady to bulge with astonishment.

"For de Law's sakes! Yo' don't say so!" she ejaculated every now and then.

"De Lawd knows I'se so old and crippled up wid de rumatiz dat I ain't one bit o' good to go about lak I used to. How's my gal behavin' herself in school? She thinks she's a young 'oman now. She's night onto eighteen years old an' sence she's got to goin' with dat good for nuthin' Alden, she's almost distracted. I want yo' to mek her mind and don' let her be cuttin' up any moonshines wid dat ar boy."

The good sister paused in the midst of her remarks for a breathing spell, so that the teacher had chance to intersperse a few side remarks and questions on his own account. They were mostly of an indefinite nature, however, and served only to "kill time" till he had found his bearings, so to speak. By this time he had evolved a plan from the confusion of the morning which he

thought would solve the matter to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, if he could induce them to take it up, and at the same time teach the offending couple a salutary lesson.

Now the people of Catfish P'int were divided as in most small communities, into two contending factions between whom there was more or less intermittently, a state of smouldering jealousy. There had been no open row, nor anything approaching that nature. The various inhabitants met each other at the church and in the field; worked the corn and hoed the cotton side by side, and as they met and passed each other on life's highway, each member of the community gave to the other a pleasant smile and in return would fain receive the outstretched friendly hand. Yet there was some dim, indefinable feeling of hostility between the houses of Cooper and Fulcher, the leaders of the respective factions. How it arose or what was the cause no one could say, but nevertheless, each felt so convinced of the justice and right of his cause that any encroachment upon the time-honored boundaries which were tacitly recognized as the dividing lines in conversation or action when members of both factions were present and engaged in intercourse, social or otherwise, was sure to be resented in a manner that the offending party or parties were never to forget.

This particular teacher had been hired to teach the Catfish P'int school as a compromise between the jealous factions. Any teacher who lived anywhere around would be sure to bring on undesirable complications in his management of the school and the various entertainments which usually fell to the lot of the teacher and the minister's wife, as the social leaders of the community by reason of a natural preference one way or the other. But Mr. Arthur had, as narrated above, allied himself with one of the amorous young ladies of Catfish P'int soon after his arrival, and as she was a prime favorite with nearly everyone, he just escaped committing himself in this particular manner. Up to this time, however, he

had succeeded very well by the exercise of tact and appreciation, and was now, next to the minister, the person of the highest influence on the P'int. Old men consulted him about their visions and dreams; young men and maidens about their love affairs; political disputants submitted to his arbitrament, deacons and church trustees, and even the minister himself, often called upon him to elucidate some obscure passage of Scripture. He bore his honors well, and was idolized by the school children, except at such times as he considered it necessary to apply the "traditional rod."

Then too, he was the first city teacher they ever had out on the P'int, so this fact gave him lots of prestige with the simple country folks. He introduced so many new things from the outside world they had never heard of that they were almost ready to think that anything he did or said was right. But most of the young teacher's popularity was due to the fact that he took good care never to go far contrary to the general opinion of the people. He dropped down among them to make a living, and deemed it best to fall in with their ways in all respects except as to their underground factional feelings.

Now the Fulchers were one of the few families of note on the P'int who were not allied with the Cooper family to which "Little Alden" belonged. So Sister Fulcher, who was the very embodiment of dignity and family pride, had declared that she didn't propose to raise gals jest to increase the number of her enemies. Therefore, when Little Alden had stopped to pay his respects to the older ones in the Fulcher family, with regard to their daughter Amanda, he had been given to understand in no uncertain tones that he was an ineligible aspirant for the pride of the Fulcher heart.

The Coopers themselves viewed the matter with supreme indifference. They were so accustomed to furnishing husbands and wives for the rest of their neighbors that they paid little attention to the vagaries of Little Alden. To be sure, the young lady with whose name

that of Little Alden was often coupled was the heart of the enemies' camp, but the opposition of the Fulcher family only excited a smile of derision. In the church, the Coopers had everything their own way, and owing to the ramifications of the various family branches, they predominated at all gatherings on the P'int of any importance.

Big Alden, in contradistinction to the one whom Little Alden received his peculiar name, was grandfather or great-grandfather to one-half the children on Catfish P'int.

So the Fulchers and their followers were constrained to make up in quality and pride what they lacked in numbers and influence. The daughter of the Fulcher family was the belle of the P'int, and many a stout young black had quailed beneath the flash of her scornful eye. But she surrendered to the enemy as usual in all such cases.

So, when, despite her efforts to the contrary, the unregenerate Amanda persisted in going with the crowd without regard to quality, Sister Fulcher solemnly asseverated that she had washed her hands of any "sech" business. Brother Fulcher had no very decided views upon the subject of Amanda's marrying.

"Let her suit herself," he had said. "Ef she meks her own bed hard she'll have to lay in it, not me."

Busying herself among the pots and kettles, the good sister kept up quite a volume of small talk, joined occasionally by her husband, so that the little teacher almost forgot that he was due at the school house over an hour ago. Bye and bye, however, when the two old people sat across the table from him and the lady dished up a savory stew of fresh pork and vegetables, he related the circumstances of the morning, throwing the stately black one into a spasm of angry astonishment and indignation.

"Do what!" she cried, thoroughly aroused, "Do yo' mean to tell me dat my 'Manda's fixin' to run away to-night? Ceasar! Do yo' heah dat ar teacher? Why didn't yo' tell us afore?"

and she stood towering above the table with her beadlike eyes scintillating and flashing like some veritable demon of evil. The teacher was frightened. He would have given anything to have remained at the school room and allowed matters to take their course. As the old woman poured forth torrent after torrent of scathing denunciation and Bro. Fulcher vainly strove to induce a semblance of calm, the poor young man sat almost dumb with terror. Breathless with exhaustion, she finally cooled down and tried to excuse herself to her visitor for her violent outburst of passion.

"Yo' sholy has upshot all my narves, Bro. Arthur, so I had to 'spress myself," she said apologetically, and requested him to repeat what he had told her.

In doing so the teacher recovered his confidence. Deprecating the commission of any rash act on part of the parents of the girl, he continued:

"You see they are going to do this thing, and we can't help it. If you stop them to-night, which is doubtful, they will watch their chance and do it at another time. So what's the use of making a bad matter worse? I think we can settle it in a way to leave no ill feelings rankling in the breasts of our neighbors. They are both in my school it is true, and to avoid any unnecessary comment I would have them come home and marry right here to-night."

"Marry here?" asked Sister Liza. "Oh no! Dat good for nothin' rascal shan't put his foot over my doorsill."

"But we can't let dis thing go on dis er way, Liza?" interjculated the old man.

"For my part, I hain't no objeckshuns ergin 'em gettin' married no how. Alden is a smart sort on er chap, and he's got a good crap comin' on. I much ruther see 'em marry to home den to run off in dis fashion. I nebber seed de lack in all my born days. I don' see what mek yo' so obstinate. De teacher is right."

During this conversation, Sister Fulcher's face was a study. What would the folks on the P'int say ef dey hearn tell how as de high an' mighty 'Manda

Fulcher was er runnin' er way to git married? How could she, a stewardess in the church, hold up her head arter sech goings-on? Arter all she'd said 'bout 'Manda's marryin' one o' dem oneray Coopers! Alas, how the wicked would triumph and the righteous be put to scorn. These reflections made the good woman moody and disconsolate.

"To think! Arter all my teachin' an' tellin er dat ar gal. Dere ain't nuthin' good gwine to come on it!" she murmured sadly.

After awhile the meal was finished. The two old people could eat no more, but the teacher was hungry. Pretty soon he had both of them laughing as though they would burst, while he unfolded a scheme whereby Sister Fulcher could save her face and have the young rascal humiliated that very night. Sister Fulcher listened incredulously, while the old man chuckled softly to himself as he comprehended the teacher's meaning. By and by he broke out into a hearty laugh, and rising from his chair cried excitedly:

"Why didn't yo' tell us about dat befo' Bro. Arthur? Dat's de veah thing. I declar' hit's wonderful how yo' kin get up sech a powerful fine scheme. It beats de cutleg!

"I'll tell yo' what, ole 'oman!" he continued, "Ef yo' jine in wid me an' dis yer teacher we'll sartinly sot de whole P'int afire dis veah night! What yo' say, eh?" regarding his wife anxiously.

Sister Fulcher demurred obstinately at first. The proposed procedure looked to her very much like a base surrender to the enemy, and besides she doubted very much whether they had time to do all that would be necessary to carry the plan into effect. It generally took weeks and weeks of talking to get up any kind of an affair on the P'int, as every one concerned usually considered himself or herself slighted, if they were not permitted to argue the pros and cons of the matter. Then too, she objected, who could be depended upon to quit their work on the spur of the moment to engage in an affair of this sort. The lady had her say, and when she was

through, things looked dark for the teacher's idea. But because of the respect to which his opinions were entitled on the P'int, not because of their worth, however, and by dint of much persuasion between him and the old man, who was enthusiastic over the matter, remembering his own young days, no doubt, she was finally brought around and agreed to help them out. It was her daughter, she was told, and if anything had to be done, she was the one to do it.

A few more words of whispered conversation on part of the plotters and Mr. Arthur was astride his mount and headed for the school room. His face wore a more than ever indulgent smile, and the merry children who had long since ceased to wonder what had become of their teacher, looked rather curiously at him as he summoned them to their books at half-past three in the afternoon.

After the departure of the teacher, the home of the Fulcher family presented signs of unusual actiity. The two old people having recovered from their fever of wonder and surprise, entered into the spirit of Mr. Arthur's plan with a zest worthy of their younger days.

Pots and kettles, spiders and stew-pans, together with various other cooking utensils were brought out; the nearest neighbors were pressed into service with some difficulty; various fowls gave up the ghost, and the huge volumes of smoke ascending from the old stack chimney told the story of feverish haste in the preparations for the undoing of the truant young couple. Bro. Fulcher afterwards declared it never did him so much good in his life before to get about as he did all over the neighborhood at once, harassing the neighbors to come over into Macedonia and help us.

At the homes of those who were let into the secret, there was an all-pervading air of mystery and whispery which the children arriving from school found impossible to fathom.

About eleven o'clock that night it was very dark on Catfish P'int; the stillness of the night was oppressive, and save

for the occasional chirp of a cricket or hoot of some lonely owl, nothing could be heard; everything was wrapped in silence deep and profound. Suddenly a faint rumbling in the distance broke in upon the stillness; nearer and nearer it came, until finally one could discern through the darkness a couple of figures in a two-wheeled rig, driving rapidly along the highway, at the point just beyond the little school house. Every now and then they cast stealthy and furtive glances in the rear; or peered vainly through the darkness at each clump of bushes as they hurried along the silent road.

More than once, in accordance with the monitions of a guilty conscience, Little Alden had made a wide detour to avoid meeting with other people who kept late hours. They were now not far from their destination, and feeling elated at the thought of the goal, now so near at hand, the young man, who was driving, turned his outfit boldly into the main road at Washington Forks.

The night was one well chosen for an adventure of this kind. Shifting masses of heavy clouds moved across the sky, big with threats of a coming storm. As the hour was late, there was little need for the would-be husband's precautions in driving too far out of the main road, for travellers were few and far between. The young man's spirits, which had been somewhat depressed in the early part of the day, by reason of a refusal on the part of the maiden to take her flight with him, now rose higher and higher, and he chuckled with glee at the prospects of a speedy consummation of his desires. Over at Florence, a village consisting of some two or three houses and a store, he had made arrangements some weeks ago for this very thing, and the anxious justice stood in his door at the midnight hour, wearily awaiting the coming of the runaway couple, but his waiting was a wait for a fee that never came.

A sudden sniff and whicker from the team, as she threw her head in the air with a snort, brought home to the consciousness of the fugitives that

there was something like danger ahead. "What's that?" cried the frightened maiden as she clung closer and still closer to the stalwart form at her side. Little Alden laughed mechanically. However his face grew cold and his hair stood on end as the clatter-clatter of horse hoofs could be plainly heard approaching from the opposite direction. How could he avoid meeting them was the thought uppermost in his mind, as he tried to laugh at the fears of the distracted girl, who had forsaken her all to follow him. Placing an arm about her waist, he whispered to the tearful maiden caressingly:

"Never mind, honey, 'twill all be over pretty soon."

"Halt!"

The clatter of horses and a sharp command rang out on the air, and at the same time a party of horsemen, with high crowned hats, and masks over their faces, galloped rapidly across the front of the astonished runaways, and barred their further progress.

Amanda screamed hysterically; the horse plunged and reared, and between his efforts to force his way through the crowd and support the fainting girl, the youngster found himself in a desperate situation. The assailing party was silent and grim. Since the first command of the leader, they uttered never a word, but gathered about the frightened fugitives silently and determinedly. Some of the men reached for the horse's head, while others sought the buggy whip from the young man's hands.

"Who are you that interfere with travelers?" he cried. "I guess you have mistaken your party. Let me on, I say!" and he slashed first right then left.

Some pretty hard blows were received by the assailants, but they succeeded in making a midnight capture. The lady recovered from her swoon and was using all the persuasive powers which she possessed upon the attacking party, but they were deaf to her pleadings. To none of the questions of the anxious couple did they utter a word in reply. The struggle was short and furious; the two young people finally gave up in

despair, and in obedience to the hoarse command from the leader of the mounted party, Little Alden sullenly turned his horse in the opposite direction, and drove slowly back over the road on which he had come.

What the deuce was the matter? Was anybody else running away? Or was this a band of patrolers? Suppose they were robbers? What were they going to do with them? Where were they taking them? A thousand and one questions flashed through the minds of the captive lovers, as they drove silently along the deserted road.

On either side of the sulky, like grim spectres of some lonely situation, rode three masked men, whose heads turned neither to the right nor to the left. Nothing could be heard save the crunching of the sulky wheels in the sand of the road and the heavy foot-falls of the chafing steeds. Every now and then, the leader riding ahead, made a circuit around the entire party and resumed his place at the front. He seemed to chuckle each time he resumed his place, whether at the thought of plunder or some other wicked idea, the frightened couple could not tell.

On they went, and the gloom which overspread their faces was scarcely less than that of the sky overhead. The stillness was doubly oppressive, for the few farmhouses and scattered cabins which they passed here and there betrayed no signs of life. The situation had by this time become almost unbearable to the dusky little girl, and a whispered attempt at conversation by the forlorn captives brought a gruff "Shut up" from the nearest rider.

A sudden turn in the road brought them in full view of the little cabin which Amanda recognized as the home she had forsaken and heartily wished she was safe inside. If she was surprised by her unceremonious capture, picture her wonder and that of her downcast companion, when their ridiculous situation was brought home to them. Lights were streaming from every crevice of the old log cabin and her father's commodious barn, and

sounds of hilarious laughter mingled with snatches of favorite songs came floating on the midnight air.

The guard relaxed their vigilance and clustering together, held a whispered consultation, chuckling as though they would burst, while every now and then, they cast meaning glances toward their terrified captives.

Nearer and nearer they came to the scene of midnight revelry and merriment, when, just as the cavalcade drew rein before the cabin door, the lovers were startled out of their wits by a shrill blast from a bugle at their side, which was immediately answered by a flash and flare of blinding light from every door and window of the cabin and barn.

Weird and fantastic was the scene which burst upon their vision with kaleidoscopic changes. Familiar figures with kinky heads and grinning faces came streaming from everywhere, while a bevy of dusky maidens arrayed in white, surrounded the party in respectful silence.

Not so however with the ubiquitous small boys. There seemed to be dozens of them holding aloft huge torches of flaming pine knots, and the light falling upon their black and grinning faces betrayed rows of teeth in pearly white. During all this time these had welcomed the prodigals home with many a taunt and stinging gibe, while ever and again loud guffaws burst from the throats of the assembled crowd.

The leader of the mounted men rode up to the captive couple and dismounting, unmasked and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the downcast couple, the face of their beloved teacher.

Amanda promptly wilted, and the teacher tenderly lifted her from the sulky without remonstrance from her companion, who, kicking and struggling right valiantly, was taken in charge by the others of the party.

Miss Fulcher was led to the door of her little home where, anxiously awaiting the outcome of it all, stood her dear old black mother.

"Why didn't you tell yo' pore old

mamy all about it?" was her greeting to the prodigal girl as she seized and strained her to her heart.

Bro. Fulcher's eyes glistened with tears as he shook the teacher's hand, and he kissed his erring daughter time and again.

Touched by her repentant mood and by this affectionate emotion of the reunited family, most of the old people and young girls gathered about them to welcome the maiden home.

Amanda could only cry as she nestled in the embrace of those loving black arms:

"Oh mamma! mamma!"

"Hush now, mamy's baby! Mammy's done fixed it alright," whispered the mother, as she led the weeping girl away.

In the meantime, the rebellious Alden had been subdued without harm and was borne aloft into the cabin amid the

taunts and jeers of his triumphantly riotous captors.

By this time, some idea of the situation had strayed into his mind, and his hitherto lugubrious countenance slowly expanded into a doubtful grin as the wicked teacher together with the minister of Zion's Hope Baptist Church read him a short but pithy lecture upon the error of his ways, in one corner of the little cabin.

Great was his astonishment and boundless the surprise of the rustic beauty when Bro. Fulcher announced to the gaping crowds that the marriage ceremony was the next thing in order. The young couple were covered with confusion, and though deeply humiliated and filled with chagrin at the forcible frustration of their clandestine intentions, they none the less enjoyed the feast of good things and the old-fashioned country ball that followed a wedding at three o'clock in the morning.

A FEW ESSENTIAL BUSINESS QUALITIES.

Read before the Ne Plus Ultra Culture Club of Chicago.

ALBRETA MOORE-SMITH.

Recent events have convinced us that not only is the American woman a silent power behind the throne, but also a most important factor in all public works which tend to promote progress abroad, as well as at home.

Not content with the purely feminine methods of procedure in conducting her domestic affairs, she has invaded man's domain and taken up the work of professional, commercial and industrial life.

A little over thirty years ago, while busy with the loom and spindle, a persuasive voice whispered to woman, "Forsake your natural inclinations and seek for better and higher knowledge. In the day ye eat thereof ye shall become as gods." The disastrous consequences attending the heeding of this advice to the extreme is inconceivable; for there

is a multiplicity of broken homes, dishonest men and unhappy women. Success, however, has crowned the efforts of the women who use discretion in their public work.

When we speak of the successful business woman, we must, necessarily, speak of the successful business man, for he tilled the soil and directed the affairs of home, church and state long before her possibilities were realized.

When we hear of successful business men and women, we naturally wonder as to what has been the cause of their success. Ask them, and nine out of every ten will reply: deciding on what work to pursue; doing some one thing well by concentrating their life's forces upon its accomplishment.

If this be true, then one of the great-

est of all human powers is concentration of mind and purpose. It is however no easy thing to do, and only comes by constant mental practice.

You may have the strength of a Goliath and the wisdom of a Socrates, but they are only wasted talents without this power of concentration.

If one has the necessary power of concentration, opportunity, necessity and responsibility are not far distant: for they play most important parts in moulding and developing true character; especially business character.

All material success comes by necessity, forcing individuals to seek opportunities, whereby responsibilities may devolve upon them. The best that is within us only asserts itself when seemingly obviated.

Individuals of but little consequence pass through the world unnoticed until grave responsibilities reveal the ability of a Napoleon or a Henry George. Never estimate a person's ability until their environments, opportunities and responsibilities have been considered.

Success is obtained in all walks of life,—yet it is slower in distributing its prizes in the business world than in any other field. It is the mother of all art, science and trade.

There is an old adage which says: "Nothing succeeds like success." Can we find an honest verification of this statement? There is a more modern axiom which reads: "Nothing succeeds like failure." Think of it! Whoever attempted to accomplish some work and succeeded at the first trial? You never do anything that amounts to much until you have tried several times. Therefore, oft repeated failures, in many instances, are but advising friends.

Show me the successful business man and woman, and I will show you individuals who have had to command all that was best and noblest within them before success was obtained.

Success means this: doing honestly and completely, whatever your hands find to do.

While we are deeply engrossed in the business development of our women,

and while the subject under discussion is, "A few essential business qualities," we do not feel, however, that we would be doing our duty as Negro women if we did not mention the recent indignities to which we, as club women, have been subjected.

From a business, as well as a social standpoint, it is a most lamentable affair, and one which should receive our heartiest condemnation. A few aspiring Negro women, not content with our own associations, federations and clubs, are largely responsible for the bitter controversy which is now being waged by the two hundred and forty thousand white women who compose the National Federation of white women's clubs.

Of the twenty-one or more clubs composing the State Federation of Colored Women's clubs, not one has ever made application for membership in the Federation of white women's clubs. They have never thrust themselves forward, where their presence, as a whole, was objectionable. Why then, these flagrant insults upon their womanhood and social status, that have recently appeared in print? They should not be held responsible for the action of individuals of the Negro race,—neither should they remain silent under this ignominious lash of prejudice.

They cannot, however, but pity the women, who pose as their superiors in intellect, refinement and culture, but yet are so blinded by prejudice that they brand all Negro club women as "social intruders," and have carried the question to the National government for settlement.

Our women must arise and assert their rights as women who believe in the advancement of womanhood, irrespective of race, color or creed. To remain silent now, only invites greater humiliation in the future.

There are ten millions or more Negroes in the United States,—and the education of these people along all lines, except business avocations, has been wisely propagated.

It is now seen, however, that the Negro of to-day stands sadly in need of

a business education. For the proper solution of his social, political and educational problem will only reach a happy terminus with the development of his real business ability.

For those pursuing this course, it is well to learn to never allow your career to be influenced by the convictions of others. Listen to the advice of all good-wishers: giving many "your ear, but few your voice." Be strong in character, firm in your convictions (when you know you are right) and earnest in your endeavors.

The Anglo-Saxon stands on the top rung of business success, while the Negro is ascending the lower one. Competition, therefore, is rife; and we should encourage, and not retard its progress, for it is the foundation-stone of all commerce and trade.

Very little is known of the Negro in business, even among his own people. We beseech all our readers to never remain content with their present position in life. You can, if you will, rise above present environments. Prove yourself superior to all common conditions. Seek to let no one surpass you in your chosen work. Let your motto be:

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal you win."

Seek to be your own master by becoming a strong, intelligent business be-

ing. Count not the cost; be somebody with an aim and a purpose in life. Fight for it, live for it, and if needs be, die for it.

The eyes of the civilized world are now focused upon the American Negro as never before. The air we breathe is laden with interrogations as to his future. The behavior of every individual Negro in public conveyances and thoroughfares sets the status for the entire race. The world takes us at our own valuation; and no one can raise the standard better than the Negro in business, who is in constant contact with the peoples of other races.

Our interest is centered in the advancement of Negro women in business, but it is impossible to deal exhaustively with the subject at this time. We have endeavored to arouse your latent talents to the necessity of immediate action, for the race has within itself men and women who possess excellent business qualities if they were but cultivated. Seek to know your own power for usefulness.

A few qualities, essential to a successful business life are stick-to-it-iveness, punctuality, thoughtfulness, level-headedness and ability for the work.

When you obtain these, Success, which sits enthroned in the hazy future, will welcome you to her regal home. Work, watch and pray for such success.

"For the man is blest who does his best,
Don't worry.
The world is wide; but God will guide,
Don't hurry."



WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

Crossing the Niagara river in a direct line, the Canadian shore lies not more than eight miles from Buffalo, New York, and in the early 50's small bands of Indians were still familiar figures on both the American and Canadian borders. Many strange tales of romantic happenings in this mixed community of Anglo-Saxons, Indians and Negroes might be told similar to the one I am about to relate, and the world stand aghast and try in vain to find the dividing line supposed to be a natural barrier between the whites and the dark-skinned race. No; social intercourse may be long in coming, but its advent is sure; the mischief is already done.

From 1842, the aborigines began to scatter. They gave up the last of their great reservations then before the on-sweeping Anglo-Saxon, moving toward the setting sun in the pasture lands surrounding the Black Hills.

Of those who remained many embraced Christianity; their children were sent to the pale-face schools; they themselves became tillers of the soil, adopting with their agricultural pursuits all the arts of civilized life, and cultivating the friendship of the white population about them. They, however, still clung to their tribal dress of buckskin, beads, feathers, blankets and moccasins, thereby adding picturesqueness of detail to the moving crowds that thronged the busy streets of the lively American city. Nor were all who wore the tribal dress Indians. Here and there a blue eye gleamed or a glint of gold in the long hair falling about the shoulders told of other nationalities who had linked their fortunes with the aborigines. Many

white men had been adopted into the various tribes because of their superior knowledge, and who, for reasons best known to themselves, sought to conceal their identity in the safe shelter of the wigwam. Thus it was with White Eagle, who had linked his fortunes with the Seneca Indians. He had come among them when cholera was decimating their numbers at a fearful rate. He knew much of medicine. Finally, he saved the life of the powerful chief Red Eagle, was adopted by the tribe, and ever after revered as a mighty medicine man.

Yet, through Erie County urged the Indians farther West, and took up their reservations for white settlers, their thirst for power stopped short of the curtailment of human liberty. The free air of the land of the prairies was not polluted by the foul breath of slavery. We find but one account of slaves being brought into the country, and they were soon freed. But the free Negro was seen mingling with other settlers upon the streets, by their presence adding still more to the cosmopolitan character of the shifting panorama, for Buffalo was an anti-slavery stronghold,—the last and most convenient station of the underground railroad.

It was late in the afternoon of a June day. It was uncommonly hot, the heat spoke of mid-summer, and was unusual in this country bordering upon the lakes.

On the sandy beach Indian squaws sat in the sun with their gaudy blankets wrapped about them in spite of the heat, watching the steamers upon the lakes, the constant traffic of the canal boats, their beaded wares spread temptingly upon the firm white sand to catch the fancy of the free-handed sailor or

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visitor. Upon the bosom of Lake Erie floated a canoe. It had been stationary at different points along the shore for more than an hour. The occupants were fishing; presently the canoe headed for an island lying close in the shadow of Grand Island, about a mile from it. The lad who handled the paddle so skillfully might have been mistaken for an Indian at first glance, for his lithe brown body lacked nothing of the suppleness and grace which constant exercise in the open air alone imparts. He wore moccasins and his dress otherwise was that of a young brave, save for feathers and paint. His flashing black eyes were fixed upon the island toward which the canoe was headed; as the sunlight gleamed upon his bare head it revealed the curly, crispy hair of a Negro.

The sunlight played, too, upon the other occupant of the canoe, as she leaned idly over the side trailing a slim brown hand through the blue water. Over her dress of gaily-embroidered dark blue broadcloth hung two long plaits of sunny hair.

Presently the canoe tossed like a chip at the base of wooded heights as it grated on the pebbly beach. The two children leaped ashore, and Judah pulled the canoe in and piled it and the paddles in the usual place, high in a thicket of balsam fir. Winona had removed her moccasins and carried them in her hand while they made the landing; Judah balanced his gun, the fishing-rods and the morning's catch of fish on a rod.

They took their way along the beach, wading pools and walking around rocks, gradually ascending the wooded heights above them round and round, until they stood upon the crest that overlooked the bay and mainland.

The island was the home of White Eagle. When the Indians gave up Buffalo Creek reservation to Ogeten in 1842, and departed from Buffalo, he had taken up his abode on this small island in the lake, with an old woman, a half-breed, for his housekeeper. Hunting, fishing, trapping and trading with the Indians at Green Bay gave him ample

means of support. But it was lonely with only a half-deaf woman for a companion, and one day White Eagle brought to the four-room cottage he had erected a handsome well-educated mulattress who had escaped from slavery via the underground railroad. With her was a mite of humanity whose mother had died during the hard struggle to reach the land of Freedom. In the end White Eagle crossed to the Canadian shore and married the handsome mulattress according to English law and with the sanction of the Church; the mite of black humanity he adopted and called "Judah."

In a short time after the birth of Winona, the wife sickened and died, and once more the recluse was alone. Yet not alone, for he had something to love and cling to. Winona was queen of the little island, and her faithful subjects were her father, Judah and old Nokomis.

So transparent was the air on this day in June, that one could distinguish strips of meadow and the roofs of the white Canadian houses and the sand on the edges of the water of the mainland. The white clouds chased each other over the deep blue sky. The dazzling sunshine wearied the eye with its gorgeousness, while under its languorous kiss the lake became a sapphire sea breaking into iridescent spray along the shore.

The children were on a high ridge where lay the sun-flecked woods. They were bound for the other side, where lurked the wild turkeys; and partridges and pigeons abounded, and gulls built their nests upon rocky crests.

Singing and whistling, Judah climbed the slopes, closely followed by Winona, who had resumed her moccasins. The squirrel's shrill, clear chirp was heard, the blackbirds winged the air in flight, and from the boughs above their heads the "robin's mellow music gushed." Great blossoms of pink and yellow fungus spotted the ground. Winona stopped to select from among them the luscious mushroom dear to her father's palate. Daisies and bell-shaped flowers of blue lay thick in the grasses, the maples were still unfolding their leaves;

the oak was there and the hemlock with its dark-green, cone-like foliage; the graceful birch brushed the rough walnut and the stately towering pine.

The transparent shadows, the sifted light that glimmered through the trees, the deer-paths winding through the woods, the green world still in its primal existence in this forgotten spot brought back the golden period unknown to the world living now in anxiety and toil.

A distant gleam among the grasses caught the girl's quick eye. She ran swiftly over the open and threaded her sinuous way among the bushes to drop upon her knees in silent ecstasy. In an instant Judah was beside her. They pushed the leaves aside together, revealing the faint pink stems of the delicate, gauzy Indian-pipes.

"Look at them," cried Winona. "Oh, Judah, are they not beautiful?"

The Negro had felt a strange sense of pleasure stir his young heart as he involuntarily glanced from the flowers to the childish face before him, aglow with enthusiasm; her wide brow, about which the hair clustered in rich dark rings, the beautifully chiselled features, the olive complexion with a hint of pink like that which suffused the fragile flowers before them, all gave his physical senses pleasure to contemplate. From afar came ever the regular booming of Niagara's stupendous flood.

"But they turn black as soon as you touch them."

"Yes, I know; but we will leave them here where they may go away like spirits; Old Nokomis told me."

"Old Nokomis! She's only a silly old Indian squaw. You mustn't mind her stories."

"But old Nokomis knows; she speaks truly," persisted the girl, while a stubborn look of determination grew about her rounded chin.

"When you go to school at the convent next winter the nuns will teach you better. Then you will learn what you don't know now. You're only a little girl."

There was silence for a time; Judah sank in the tall grass and aimed for a

tempting pigeon roosting low in the branches of a tree. Nearer he stole—his aim was perfect—he was sure of his prey, when a girlish voice piped,—

"Did they tell you that at school?"

"There now! You've spoilt it! why did you speak?"

"Well, I wanted to know," this in a grieved tone.

"Wanted to know what?"

"Did they tell you that at school?"

"Tell me what?"

"That old Nokomis is silly?"

"Of course not! They didn't know old Nokomis. But in school you learn not to believe all the silly stories that we are told by the Indians."

The boy spoke with the careless freedom of pompous youth.

They moved on through the woods over the delicate tracery of shadowy foliage, and climbed down the steep sides of the hilly ridge that rose above a quiet cove on the other side where they had made what they called a kitchen. Winona led the way in her eagerness to reach the shore. She had been silent for some time, absorbed in thought.

"I tell you, Judah, I will not go to the convent school. I hate nuns."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Judah. "But you must; the father has said it."

"Papa cannot make me. I will not."

"Ah, but you will when the time comes, and you will like it. I doubt not you will want to leave us altogether when you meet girls your own age, and learn their tricks."

"Stop it, Judah!" she cried, stamping her small foot like a little whirlwind, "you shall not torment me. I do not want to leave papa and you for a lot of nuns and strange girls who do not care for me."

"What, again!" said Judah, solemnly. "That makes three times since morning that you've been off like a little fury."

"I know it, Judah," replied the girl, with tears in her eyes, "but you are so tantalizing; you'd make a saint lose her temper, you know you would."

"Oh, well; we shall see—Look, Winona!" he broke off abruptly, pointing

excitedly out over the bosom of the lake. Three birds floated in the deep blue ether toward the island. "Gulls!"

"No! No! They're eagles, Judah!" cried the girl, as excited as he.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed the boy.

The birds swerved, and two flew away toward the mainland. The third dropped into the branches of a maple. "It's a young eagle, Winona, and I'm going to drop him!" catching up his weapon he leaned forward, perparing to take careful aim. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke that came from behind a bend in the shore just below where they were standing. A dull report followed and the eagle leaped one stroke in the air and dropped like a shot into the waters of the lake. A boat shot out from the beach with two men in it. They picked up the dead bird and then pulled towards the spot where the children stood intently watching them. They came on rapidly, and in a moment the occupants stood on the beach before the surprised children.

They were white men, garbed in hunter's dress. They seemed surprised to see the girl and boy on an apparently uninhabited island, and one said something in a low tone to the other, and motioned toward the crisp head of the boy. They spoke pleasantly, asking the name of the island.

Winona shrank behind Judah's back, glancing shyly at them from beneath the clustering curls that hung about her face.

"This island has no name," said Judah.

"Oh, then it is not a part of the Canadian shore?"

The questioner eyes the boy curiously. Judah moved his feet uneasily in the pebbles and sand.

"Not that I ever heard. It's just an island."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, over there," pointing toward the other side.

"We're mighty hungry," joined in the other man, who had pulled the boat to a safe resting place out of the reach of the incoming tide.

"We'll pay you well for your fish," he added.

"You are welcome to as much as you wish," replied Judah politely, at once passing over a number of trout and a huge salmon.

"Show them our fireplace, Judah," said Winona, at length finding her tongue. Judah led the way silently toward the sheltered cove where they had constructed a rude fireplace of rocks, and where the things necessary for their comfort during long tramps over their wooded domain, were securely hidden.

The children busied themselves with hospitable preparations for a meal, and the men flung themselves down on a bed of dry leaves and moss, lighted their pipes, and furtively watched them.

"Likely nigger," commented one.

"Worth five hundred, sure. But the girl puzzles me. What is she?" replied the one who seemed to be the leader.

"She's no puzzle to me. I'll tell you what she is—she's a nigger, too, or I'll eat my hat!" this with a resounding slap upon the thigh to emphasize his speech.

"Possible!" replied the leader, lazily watching Winona through rings of smoke. "By George! Thomson, you don't suppose we've struck it at last!"

"Mum's the word," said Thomson with an expressive wink. Judah brought some wood and Winona piled it on until a good bed of coals lay within the stone fireplace. Then she hung the fish on pieces of leather string, turning them round and round. Soon they lay in platters of birch, a savory incense filling the air, and in no time the hunters were satisfying their hunger with the delicious salmon and trout, washed down by copious draughts of pure spring water from a nearby rill whose gentle gurgle one could distinguish as it mingled with the noise of the dashing surf and the roar of the falls.

The children stood and watched them, Judah fingering lovingly the feathers of the dead eagle which he had taken from the boat.

"You haven't told us who you are," suggested the leader with a smile.

"She's White Eagle's daughter; I'm adopted."

"I see. Then you're Indians?"

Judah nodded. Somehow he felt uneasy with these men. He did not trust them.

"Not by a long sight," muttered Thomson. "Nothin' but nigger blood ever planted the wool on top of that boy's head."

Suddenly, faint and clear came a blast on a horn, winding in and out the secret recesses of the woods. Again and yet again, then all was still.

The men were startled, but the children hastily gathered up their belongings and without a word to the strangers bounded away, and were soon lost in the dark shadows of the woods.

"Well, cap't, this is a rum 'un. Now what do you reckon that means?"

"I have an idea that we've struck it rich, Thomson. Come, unless we want to stay here all night, suppose we push out for civilization?"

CHAPTER II.

One sultry evening in July, about a month later than the opening of our story, a young man was travelling through the woods on the outskirts of the city of Buffalo.

The intense electric heat during the day had foretold a storm, and now it was evident that it would be upon him before he could reach shelter. The clouds sweeping over the sky had brought darkness early. The heavens looked of one uniform blackness, until the lightning, quivering behind them, showed through the magnificent masses of storm-wreck, while the artillery of the Almighty rolled threateningly in the distance.

For the sake of his horse, Maxwell would have turned back, but it was many hours since he had left the railroad, travelling by the stage route toward the city. In vain he tried to pierce the gloom; no friendly light betrayed a refuge for weary man and beast. So they went on.

Suddenly the horse swerved to one side, in affright as the electric fluid

darted in a quivering, yellow line from the black clouds, lighting up the landscape, and showing the anxious rider that he was near the turnpike road which led to the main street. He spurred his horse onward to reach the road while the lightning showed the way. Scarcely was he there when the thunder crashed down in a prolonged, awful peal. The storm had commenced indeed. The startled horse reared and plunged in a way to unseat an unskilled rider, but Maxwell sat firmly in the saddle; he drew rein a moment, patted the frightened animal and spoke a few kind words to soothe his terror. On every side now the lightning darted incessantly; the thunder never ceased to roll, while the rain descended in a flood. As the lightning blazed he caught glimpses of the turbulent water of the lake, and the thunder of Niagara's falls rivalled the artillery of heaven. It is no pleasant thing to be caught by such a storm in a strange city, without a shelter.

As he rode slowly on, the road developed a smooth hardness beneath the horse's feet, the vivid flashes showed board sidewalks; they showed, too, deep puddles and sluices of water pouring at a tremendous rate through the steep, canal-like gutters which bordered the way. A disk of landscape was photographed out of the night, etching the foliage of huge, dripping trees on either side, and the wide-spreading meadows and farm lands mingled with thickets and woodland. Only a few farm houses broke the monotony of the road between the stage route and the city.

"Heavens, what a country!" muttered the rider.

It was a pleasant voice, nicely modulated, and the fitful gleams of light showed a slender, well-knit figure, a bright, handsome face, blue eyes and a mobile mouth slightly touched with down on the upper lip. A dimple in the chin told of a light and merry heart within his breast.

"What a figure I must be," he laughed gaily, thinking of his mud-bespattered garments.

With the idea of suiting his dress to the country he was about to visit, Warren Maxwell had fitted himself out in Regent street with a suit of duck and corduroy with wide, soft felt hat, the English idea, at that period, of the "proper caper" for society in America.

As he rode along the lonely way his thoughts turned with sick longing toward his English home. What would they say to see him to-night, weary, hungry and disgusted? But he had come with a purpose; he was determined to succeed. There were three others at home older than himself; his own share in the family estate would amount to an annuity scarcely enough to defray his tailor's bill. Sir John Maxwell, baronet, his father, had reluctantly consented that Warren should study law when he found that neither the church nor medicine were congenial to his youngest, favorite son. Anything was better than trade. The old aristocrat metaphorically held up his hands in horror at the bare thought. In family council, therefore, it was decided that law, with money and old family influence might lead to Parliament in the future; and so Warren took up the work determined to do his best.

One day Mr. Pendleton, head of the firm, called him into his private office and told him that some one in their confidence must go to America. It was on a delicate mission relating to the heir of Carlingford of Carlingford. The other members of the firm were too old to undertake so arduous a journey; here was a chance for a young, enterprising man. If he were successful, they would be generous—in fact, he would become a full partner, sharing all the emoluments of the position at once. Of course Maxwell was interested, and asked to be given the details.

"You see," said the lawyer, "We've had the management of the estates for more than fifty years—all the old lord's time. It was a bad business when young Lord George and his brother fell in love with the same woman. It seems that Captain Henry and Miss Venton—that was the lady's name—had settled

the matter to their own liking; but the lady's father favored Lord George because he was the heir and so Captain Henry was forced to see himself supplanted by his brother. Soon after a terrible quarrel that took place between the young men, Lord George was found dead, shot in the back through the heart. The Captain was arrested, tried and convicted of the crime. I remember the trial well, and that my sympathy was all with the accused. He was a bonny and gallant gentleman—the captain. Let me see——" and the old man paused a moment to collect his scattered thoughts.

"Let me see—Wait—Yes, he escaped from prison and fled to America. The lady? Why come to think of it she married a nephew of the old lord."

"And was the guilty party never found?"

"No—I think—In fact, a lot of money was spent on detectives by the old lord trying to clear his favorite and lift the stain from the family name; but to no purpose. Lord George cannot live many months longer, he is eighty-five now, but he thinks that Captain Henry may have married in America, and if so, he wants his children to inherit. For some reason he has taken a strong dislike to his nephew, who, by the way, is living in the southern part of the United States. If you go, your mission must remain a profound secret, for if he lives, Captain Henry is yet amenable to the law which condemned him. Here—read these papers; they will throw more light on the subject, and while doing that make up your mind whether or not you will go to America and institute a search for the missing man." So Maxwell started for America.

"Heavens, what a flash!" exclaimed the young man, aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen. "Ah, what is that yonder?" Before him was a large wooden house with outlying buildings standing back from the road.

"Whoever dwells there will not refuse me shelter on such a night. I will try my luck."

Urging his tired horse forward, in a moment he stood before the large ram-

bling piazza which embraced the entire front of the establishment. From the back of the house came the barking of dogs, and as he sprang to the ground the outer door swung open, shedding forth a stream of light and disclosing a large, gray-bearded man with a good-natured face. Around the corner of the house from the direction of the out-buildings, came quickly a powerful negro.

"Well, stranger, you've took a wet night fer a hossback ride," said the man on the piazza.

"I find it so," replied Warren with a smile. "May I have shelter here until morning?"

"Shelter!" exclaimed the man with brusque frankness, "that's what the Grand Island Hotel hangs out a shingle fer. Western or furrin's welcome here. I take it from your voice you don't belong to these parts. Come in, and 'Tavius will take yer hoss. 'Tavius! Oh, 'Tavius! Hyar! Take the gentleman's hoss. Unstrap them saddle-bags and hand 'em hyar fus'."

"Tavius did as he was bidden, and Warren stepped into a room which served for office, smoking-room and bar. He followed his host through the room into a long corridor and up a flight of stairs into a spacious apartment neatly though primitively furnished. Having deposited the saddle-bags, the host turned to leave the room, pausing a moment to say:

"Well, mister, my name's Ebenezer Maybee, an' I'm proprietor of this hyar hotel. What may yer name be?"

Warren handed him a visiting card which he scanned closely by the light of the tallow candle.

"'Warren Maxwell, England.' Um, um, I s'pose you're an 'ristocrat. Where bound? Canidy?"

"No," replied Warren, "just travelling for pleasure."

"Oh, I see. Rich. Well, Mr. Maxwell, yer supper'll be 'bilin on the table inside a half-hour: Fried chicken, johnny cake and coffee."

In less than an hour the smoking repast was served in the hotel parlor, and

having discussed this, wearied by the day's travel, Maxwell retired and speedily fell asleep.

It must have been near midnight when he was awakened by a loud rapping. What was it? Mingled with the knocking was a sound of weeping.

Jumping on to the floor, and throwing on some clothing, Maxwell went into the corridor. All was darkness; the rain still beat against the window panes now and again illumined by sheet-lightning. Listening, he heard voices in the office or bar-room, and in that direction he started. As he drew nearer he recognized the tones of his host.

"What is it? What is the trouble?" he asked as he entered the room.

A strange group met his eye under the flickering light of the tallow candle—a lad in Indian garb and a girl not more than fourteen, but appearing younger, who was weeping bitterly. She had the sweetest and most innocent of faces, Warren thought, that he had ever seen. A pair of large, soft brown eyes gazed up at him piteously.

"It's White Eagle's son and daughter. Something has happened him and they want me to go with them to the island. You see I'm a sort of justice of the peace and town constable an' I've done the Injuns in these parts some few favors and they think now I can do anything. But no man can be expected to turn out of a dry bed and brave the lake on sech a night as this. I ain't chicken-hearted myself, but I draw the line thar."

In spite of his hard words and apparent reluctance to leave home, Mr. Maybee had lighted two lanterns and was pulling on his boots preparatory for a struggle with the elements.

"Who is White Eagle?" asked Warren.

"He's a white man; a sort of chief of the few Injuns 'roun' hyar, and he lives out on a small island in the lake with a half-breed squaw and these two children. They're poor—very poor."

"What seems to be the trouble with your father?" asked Warren, turning to the stoical lad and weeping girl.

"I believe he's shot himself, sir," re-

turned the boy respectfully, in good English. "O, come, Mr. Maybee. My father—oh, my father!" exclaimed the girl between her sobs, clinging to the landlord's hand.

The anguish of the tone, the sweet girlish presence, as well as the lad's evident anxiety under his calmness, aroused Warren's compassion.

"If you will wait a moment I will go with you. I know something of medicine, and delay may be dangerous."

Uttering a pleased cry the girl turned to him. "Oh, sir! Will you? Will you come? Do not let us lose time then—poor papa!"

"If you go I suppose I must," broke in Mr. Maybee.

"But you don't know what you're about," he continued as they left the room together: "You must remember, mister, that these people are only niggers and Injuns."

"Niggers! Mr. Maybee, what do you mean?"

"It's a fac'. The boy is a fugitive slave picked up by White Eagle in some of his tramps and adopted. The girl is a quadroon. Her mother, the chief's wife, was a fugitive too, whom he befriended and then married out of pity."

"Still they're human beings, and entitled to some consideration," replied Warren, while he muttered to himself, thinking of the tales he had heard of American slavery,—*"What a country!"*

"That's so, mister, that's so; but it's precious little consideration niggers and Injuns git aroun' hyar, an' that's a fac'."

For all his hard words, Ebenezer Maybee was a humane man and had done much for the very class he assumed to despise. He did not hesitate to use the methods of the Underground railroad when he deemed it necessary.

When Warren returned to the room, the two children stood where he had left them, and as soon as Mr. Maybee joined them they started out.

Through mud and rain they made their way, the rays from the lanterns but serving to intensify the darkness. Very soon a vivid flash threw into bold relief the whiteness of the hissing lake.

"What did you come over in, Judah, canoe or boat?" shouted Mr. Maybee, who headed the party.

"The boat," called back Judah. "I thought you might come back with us."

"Good!" shouted Mr. Maybee.

When they were all seated in the boat, after some difficulty, Judah stood upright in the bow and shoved off. Each of the two men had an oar.

Not even an Indian would ordinarily trust himself to the mercy of the water on such a night, but Judah steered out boldly for the little isle without a sign of fear.

"Judah knows his business," shouted Mr. Maybee to Maxwell. "He'll take us over all right if anybody can."

At first Warren noticed nothing but the safety of the craft, and the small figure crouched in the bottom of the boat. Every swell of the angry waters threatened to engulf them. The boat shivered; foam hissed like steam and spent its wrath upon them. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. There was no sky—nothing but inky blackness.

Rain streamed over their faces. Warren's hair hung in strings about his neck. The dangers gathered as they lessened the five miles between the mainland and the island. The young Englishman loved aquatic sports and his blood tingled with the excitement of the battle with the storm. The day had brought him adventures, but he did not shrink from death by drowning were it in a good cause.

Presently the shore loomed up before them, and after much skilful paddling, they entered the sheltered cove that answered for a bay. The boat grounded and Judah sprang out, holding it fast while the others landed. It was a relief to them to feel the hard, sandy beach beneath their feet and to know that the danger was over for the present.

"Let us go faster," said Winona. "We are close now, sir—close," turning to Warren.

She ran on in front, threw open the door to the little cottage, and entered. The picture remained with Warren always,—the bare room with unplastered

floor and walls of rough boards; the rude fireplace filled with logs spouting flames; the feeble glow of the "grease lamp"; the rude chairs and tables. At one side, on a bed of skins, was extended the figure of a man. The old squaw was rocking to and fro and moaning.

"Ah! my bird!" said old Nokomis, raising her withered hands. "It is no use—it is too late."

"What do you mean, Nokomis?" demanded Winona.

"White Eagle has answered the call of the Great Spirit," replied the old woman, with a sob.

"Dead! My father!"

The girl gave one quick, heart-breaking cry, and would have fallen had not Warren caught her in his arms. Gently he raised her, and followed Judah into another room, and laid her on a bed.

"Ah," said the lad, "how will she bear it if it is true, when she gets back her senses? How shall we both bear it?"

"Come, let us see if nothing can be done for your father. Nokomis may be mistaken."

"Yes, true;" replied the boy in a hopeless tone.

Back in the kitchen where Mr. Maybee was already applying restoratives, Warren began an examination of the inanimate form before them. It was the figure of a fine, handsome man of sixty years, and well-preserved. They stripped back the hunting shirt and Warren deftly felt for the wound. As he leaned over him, he gave a startled exclamation, and rising erect ejaculated:

"This is no accident. *It is murder!*"

CHAPTER III.

"Murder!"

The gruesome word seemed to ring through the silent room.

"Murder!" ejaculated old Nokomis, aghast. "It is a mistake. Who would kill White Eagle? There lives not an Indian in the whole country round who does not love him. No, No."

There was horror on the face of the young man regarding her so steadfastly. Her withered, wrinkled face was honest enough, her tones genuine.

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Maybee, recovering from the stupor into which Warren's words had thrown him. "Blame my skin! where's the blud?"

Warren regarded him steadily a moment, then said, "Look! Internal hemorrhage."

He half raised the body and pointed to a bullet hole in the back.

"By the Etarn'!" was Maybee's horrified exclamation. "Must 'a bled to death whilst we was comin'."

Warren nodded.

"God in heaven!" cried Judah, sinking on his knees beside the bed of skins. "It is true! But who has done it? Who could be so cruel? No one lives here but ourselves. Murdered! My father! My master!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Maybee, sternly. "Hush. 'Tain't no time fer cryin' nor makin' a fuss. Tell us all you know about this business."

"He went out after supper to look after the canoes. In a short time we heard a shout and then a cry, 'Help! help!' and we ran to him, Winona and I. He was leaning against a tree, and said nothing but, 'Get me to the house; get a doctor, I am hurt.' We flew to do his bidding. The rest you know."

Maxwell's brain was in a tumult of confusion. Thoughts flew rapidly through it. Suddenly he had been aroused from his solitary life in a strange land to become an actor in a local tragedy. The man lying on the bed of skins had certainly been murdered. Who then was the assassin?"

Again he looked at Nokomis, who was intently watching him. She shook her head mournfully in answer to his unasked question. Mr. Maybee was nonplussed. "What's to be done? Terrible! Murder! Why, it will kill the girl."

Warren Maxwell started. For a moment he had forgotten the delicate child in the next room rendered so suddenly an orphan, and in so fearful a fashion.

"A doctor must be summoned to certify to cause of death, and the police authorities must be notified," Warren said at length. "Right you are, pard," re-

turned Maybee. "I'm hanged ef this business hain't knocked the spots out of yours truly. I'll take the boat and Judah here, and be back by sunrise."

He turned away, but Judah lingered, giving a wistful look into Maxwell's face.

"Yes," said Warren, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, "I will tell her."

With a gesture of thanks Judah followed Mr. Maybee out into the night.

Pulling himself together, Warren, followed by Nokomis, entered the room where he had left Winona. She lay on the bed where he had placed her, still unconscious, her long hair lank with the rain, streamed about her face; her lips were slightly parted, even younger and more beautiful than he had at first thought; and as he remembered her story and the position that the death of her father placed her in, his soul went out to her in infinite pity.

"Poor child! Poor little thing!" he mused. "Heaven must have sent me here at this awful moment. You shall not be friendless if I can help you."

He questioned Nokomis closely. The old woman shook her head.

"Alone except for old Nokomis and Judah. White Eagle loved her very much. Old Nokomis will take care of her."

Between them the girl was restored to consciousness, and learned the truth of her father's death told by Warren as gently as possible. She heard him with a stunned expression, pale lips and strained eyes; suddenly, as she realized the meaning of his words, she uttered a piercing cry, and sprang up exclaiming:

"My father! Oh, my father! Murdered!"

She would have rushed from the room. She struggled with Warren, trying with her small fingers to unclasp his, which with tenderness held her; she turned almost fiercely upon him for staying her. The paroxysm died as quickly as it came, leaving her weak and exhausted.

Ebenezer Maybee returned at sunrise, bringing men with him. The great storm had cleared the air of the electric

heat, and the morning was gloriously beautiful. The dark forest trees were rich in the sunshine, the streams and waters of the lake laughed and rippled as happily as if no terrible storm had just passed, carrying in its trail the mystery of a foul and deadly crime. Search revealed no trace of the assassin; no clue. There were but two strangers in the city who had visited the island, and they immediately joined the searchers when they learned of the tragedy. The storm had obliterated all traces of the murderer. There was nothing missing in the humble home that held so little to tempt the cupidity of a thief. There was not even a scrap of paper found to tell who White Eagle might have been in earlier, happier days.

Everyone seemed to regard Warren Maxwell as the person in authority. The police consulted him, referred to him; Mr. Maybee confided in him, and Winona clung to him with slender brown fingers like bands of steel. As far as Warren could learn, she had no friend in the world but the hotel keeper. What a different life this poor child's must have been from any he had ever known.

Old Nokomis repeated many times a day: "Surely it was the Great Father must have sent you to us."

Judah walked about all day with a dazed expression on his face, crying silently but bitterly, and a growing look of sullen fury on his dark face that told of bitter thoughts within. Over and over again his lips unconsciously formed the words:

"I'll find him when I'm older if he's on top of the earth, and then it'll be him or me who will lie as my poor master lies in there to-day."

Then came the funeral. The Indians gathered from all the adjoining cities and towns and from the Canada shore, to see the body of the man they had lived and respected committed to the ground. They buried him beneath the giant pine against which he was found leaning, wounded to death. Curiosity attracted many of the white inhabitants, among whom were the two strangers referred to in the first part of this narrative.

Two days after the funeral, Mr. Maybee and Warren sat in the latter's room talking of Winona and Judah.

"It was a fortunit thing for us all, Mr. Maxwell, that you happened to be aroun' during this hyar tryin' time. You've been a friend in need, sir, durn me ef you ain't."

"Yes," replied Warren, smiling at the other's quaint speech, "it was a time that would have made any one a friend to those two helpless children."

"Maybe, maybe," returned the hotel keeper, dubiously. "But you must remember that every man warn't built with a soul in his carcass; some of 'em's only got a piece of liver whar the heart orter be." Warren smiled again.

"Mr. Maybee, I want to ask you a question——"

"Go ahead, steamboat; what's the question?"

"What is to become of Winona after I leave this place? It is different with the boy—he can manage somehow—but the girl; that is what troubles me."

"Look hyar, young feller," said Maybee, stretching out a big, brown hand. "I don' guess she'll ever have to say she's got no friend while Ebenezer Maybee's proprietor of the Grand Island Ho-tel. My wife's plum crazy to git that young kidabid. We's only awaitin' till the new of this unfortunit recurrence has blowed over, and she gits a little used to bein' without her pa. As fer Judah, thar's plenty to do roun' the stables ef he likes. But, Lor,' that Injun-nigger! You can't tame him down to be just an' onery galoot like the most of 'em you see out hyar. White Eagle taught him to speak like a senator, ride bareback like a hull circus; he can shoot a bird on the wing and hunt and fish like all natur. Fac'." he added noting Warren's look of amusement. "Truth is,—neither of them two forlorn critters realizes what 'bein' a nigger' means; they have no idee of thar true position in this unfrien'ly world. God knows I pity 'em." But to Warren Maxwell it seemed almost sacrilege—the thought of that beautiful child maturing into womanhood among such uncouth surroundings.

His mind revolted at the bare idea. At length he said with a sigh:

"What a pity it is that we know nothing of White Eagle's antecedents. There may be those living who would be glad to take the child."

"He was a gentleman, as your class counts 'em, Mr. Maxwell. But he never breathed a word what he was, an' he kept away from his equals—meanin' white men."

"And few men do that without a reason," replied Maxwell. "Do you know whether he was English or German?"

Mr. Maybee shook his head. "He warn't Dutch, that's certain; he was a white man all right. I cal'late he mote 'a been English."

"Mr. Maybee, I've been thinking over the matter seriously, and I have determined to write home and see if something can't be done to educate these children and make them useful members of society. In England, neither their color nor race will be against them. They will be happier there than here. Now, if I can satisfy you that my standing and character are all right, would you object to their going with me when I sail in about three months from now?"

Mr. Maybee gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder. "Yer jokin'?" he said at length, incredulously.

"No, I mean it."

Still Mr. Maybee gazed in amazement. Could it be possible that he heard aright?

"Je-rusalem! but I don't know what to say. We don' need no satisfyin' 'bout you; that's all right. But the idea of your thinkin' about edjicatin' them two Injin-niggers. You've plum got me. An' too, I cal'lated some on gittin' the gal fer my wife. Still it would be good fer the gal—durn me, but it would."

Then he turned and grasped Warren's hand hard.

"Mr. Maxwell, you're a white man. I jes' froze to you, I did the fus' night you poked yer head in the door."

"And I to you," replied Warren, as he returned the warm hand-pressure.

"Don' you ever be skeery whilst yer in Amerika an' Ebenezer Maybee's on

top o' the earth. By the Etern'l, I'll stick to you like a burr to a cotton bush, durn me ef I don't."

Again the men clasped hands to seal the bond of brotherhood.

"Meantime, Mr. Maybee, I wish you to take charge of them. I am called to Virginia on important business. I will leave a sum of money in your hands to be used for their needs while I am gone. When I return, I shall be able to tell just what I can do, and the day I shall leave for Engiand."

Mr. Maybee promised all he asked, and then retired to the bar-room to astonish his cronies there by a recital of what the English gent proposed to do for two "friendless niggers." Maxwell rowed over to the island to tell Winona of his departure and the arrangements made for her welfare. He laughed softly to himself as he thought of his own twenty-eight years and his cool assumption of the role of Winona's guardian. Yet he was not sorry. Upon the whole, he was glad she had been surrendered to his care, that there would be no one to intrude between them; and he felt that the girl would also be glad; she appeared to rely upon him with child-like innocence and faith. How could he fail to see that the brown eyes clouded when he went away, and brightened when he approached?

He secured the boat and directed his steps to the tall pine where she usually sat now. She was sitting there by the new-made grave, her hands folded listlessly in her lap. Her eyes were fixed upon the sunlit waves and were the very home of sorrow. At that moment, turning she beheld him. A sudden radiance swept over the girl's features. Sorrow had matured her wonderfully.

"Ah! it is you. I have been waiting you."

"You were sure I would come," he smiled, taking her hand and seating himself beside her.

"Yes. And I know you never break your word—never. You said you wished to speak to me of my future."

"Exactly. I could not go to England and leave you here alone and friendless,

Winona," he replied. "I could not bear it."

The girl shivered. A month ago, she was a happy, careless child; to-day she had a woman's heart and endurance. Of course he must go sometime, this kind friend; what should she do then?"

"Yet I must stay. I have nowhere else to go."

"Surely you know of some friends—relatives?"

She shook her head.

"Papa never spoke of any. He used to say that we two had only each other to love, poor papa. Oh!" with a piteous burst of grief, "I wanted no one else but papa, and now he is gone."

"As He gave, so He has a right to take, Winona," said Warren, gravely. He saw that she was indeed "cast upon his care;" surely there must have been some dark shadow in White Eagle's past life to cause him to bury himself here in a wilderness among savages. Well, it must be as he had planned. He explained to Winona all that he had told Mr. Maybee.

"And you will take Judah with you?"

"Certainly," replied Warren, "You shall not be separated. The girl heaved a deep sigh of content. "I will go with you to your home gladly."

Judah was as pleased as Winona when told of the plans for the future. Each looked upon Warren Maxwell as a god. Judah went with him to the mainland. Winona saw him depart bravely. She watched the boat until they effected a landing. Once he turned and waved his hat toward the spot where she was standing. When he was no longer visible she threw herself down upon the new-made grave in an abandonment of grief, weeping passionately.

One month from that day Warren Maxwell, bright, smiling and filled with pleasurable anticipations drew rein again before the Grand Island Hotel. As before, Tavius was there to take his horse; Mr. Maybee met him at the door; but about them both was an air of restraint.

"Well, Mr. Maybee," he said gaily, "How are you, and how are my island

protégés? I'll row over after dinner and surprise them."

"Come with me, Mr. Maxwell, I have something to tell you," replied his host gravely.

Surprised at his solemn manner, Warren followed him to the chamber he had occupied on the occasion of his first visit. "It's a sorry tale sir, I must tell you; and in all my life I never befo' felt ashamed of bein' an American citizen. But I can be bought cheap, sir; less than half price'll git me."

"The day after you lef' thar was a claim put in by two men who had been stoppin' roun' hyar fer a month or more lo-catin thar game, the durned skunks. They was the owners of White Eagle's wife an' Judah's mother, sir—nigger traders from Missouri, sir. They puts in a claim fer the two children under the new act for the rendition of fugitive slaves jes' passed by Congress, an' they swep' the deck before we knowed it or

had time to say 'scat.' Ef we'd had the least warnin', Mr. Maxwell, we'd a slipped the boy an' gal over to Canidy in no time, but you never know where a sneakin' nigger thief is goin' to hit ye, 'tain't like fightin' a man. Before we knowed it they had 'em as slick as grease an' was gone."

"But how could they take the children? They were both born free. It was an illegal proceeding," cried Warren in amazement.

"The child follows the condition of the mother. That's the law."

"My God, Mr. Maybee," exclaimed Warren as a light broke in upon his mind. "Where is she now—the poor, pretty child?"

"Down on a Missouri plantation, held as a slave!"

"My God!" Warren gazed at him for a time bereft of speech, dazed by a calamity too great for his mind to grasp. "My God! can such things be?"

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

VI. EDUCATORS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

By the toleration of slavery, the great American government lowered its high standard and sullied its fair fame among other nations. Though slaves were introduced by the fathers across the seas, this was not accepted as an apology for crimes worse than murder. Great minds of every clime condemned American slavery. It was felt that no possible excuse could be offered for the crime of chattel bondage being fostered by a government so proudly heralding its championship of human liberty and equality.

Slavery was the sum of all villanies, and the slave-holder the greatest of villains.

It may be truly said that through the intellect speaks the soul, proving man's kinship with God and his heirship to immortality. Nature gives to the immature mind and unseeing eye matter already formed and boundaries set which are accepted blindly until the intellect, aroused by cultivation, penetrates the form and passes the boundaries seeking the First Principle of these things. Before the resistless restlessness of this cultured intellect, the intricate laws of Nature become but accessories to aid man in his search for the how and why of his own existence and of the entire universe. By it he adds fullness and richness to life; and if he pursue the de-

velopment of the mind along the lines which bring nearness to Divinity, then he soars above the sordidness of earth and exemplifies in body and mind those characteristics resembling our Creator which we are taught should be the end of every well-directed life. All this a state of servitude denies to man.

For the elevation of humanity, and that man may begin here that primary development of the soul to be continued beyond the grave, let us hope, the common school was founded. In ancient times, Aristotle held and taught that "the most effective way of preserving a State, is to bring up the citizens in the spirit of the Government; to fashion, and as it were, cast them in the mould of the Constitution." Indeed, all thinkers agree that principles of right, equity, and justice must underlie all ideas of progressive civilization; and that a true conception of individual and mutual rights of property, contract, and government can never be successfully propagated except through the medium of the public school.

The slave-holder of the South early saw and appreciated the power of the God-given maxim "Mind is the glory of man;" he knew the power of a general diffusion of knowledge by the common school. What would become of this institution if the manhood of the Negro were not denied? He had read, too, the Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal." So, to logically follow the Declaration it was necessary to prove the Negro a brute, that it might not be said that the government was based on the social, educational, moral and religious extinction of the rights of millions of immortal beings.

With the subtleness of Satan they proclaimed the inferiority of the Negro intellect, and to prove their reasoning correct began to bring about the state they desired by special enactment of laws which should sufficiently degrade the helpless beings in their control. The mind befogged and mentality contracted was more effectual than manacles and scourges in giving safety to the "peculiar institution," and would furnish ample excuse for all atrocities.

To the Negro then, bond or free, all school privileges were denied. At the opening of the war between the States, Mr. Phillips agitated disunion as the only road to abolition. To him, the Constitution that in a measure protected, even partially, the master who held property in human beings, was but a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and, as such, the constitution became odious in his eyes. When, however, the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, he changed his condemnation of the Union to support of it, and accepted war as a means to the end he had in view. In 1863-64, he advocated the arming, educating and enfranchising the freedman. Then came into life the colored school-mistress, and of her heroic efforts to lighten the intellectual darkness which enveloped the ex-slave, no eulogy that we can write would half tell the story of her influence upon her race in building character, inculcating great principles, patiently toiling amidst the greatest privations far from home and pleasant surroundings. The colored teacher grasped the situation in its entirety,—that education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man. The struggle that these women made for an independent, self-respecting manhood for their race was against desperate odds.

The ex-slave was totally unfit to cope with life's emergencies. The first necessity of human endeavor—a true home—simply did not exist. There was no room in that desert of mental blackness for the practice of even the common arts of life.

To these people, erstwhile counted as the beasts of the field, the colored teacher gave an awakened intelligence with which to secure their further education along industrial lines and the art of right living; fostered a delight in duty which gave them the habit of sustained endeavor; stability of character; warmth of heart to keep them true to family and social pieties; a sense of obligation which made them good citizens; an awakening to joy in their birthright of universal liberty.

It was providential that previous to the war, private schools were established in all the large Northern cities; and under the most stringent laws in slaveholding States, the ambitious Negro would somehow contrive to learn to read and write; consequently, when the call came for colored teachers many were found sufficiently well-equipped. It is instructive as well as interesting to study the laws affecting the education of the Negro as applied in each State, and how bravely the struggle for learning was waged in the very teeth of oppression.

In Alabama, 1832: "Any person or persons who shall attempt to teach any free person of color or slave to spell, read, or write, shall upon conviction thereof be fined a sum not less than \$250, nor more than \$500."

In Arkansas instruction was practically denied.

Connecticut's history tells a sad tale of New England prejudice against the Negro. Outrage was sanctioned in that State, sanctified and supported by laymen and churchmen of great but warped intellectuality. What wonder that slavery with all its attendant horrors continued so long to curse the land!

The well-known devotion of New England to popular education encouraged a hope that a collegiate school on the manual-labor plan might be established in New Haven, but the cruel prejudice of Connecticut people defeated the plan. September 8, 1891, at a public meeting, it was resolved by the mayor, common council, and legal voters to resist the establishment of such a school by every legal means.

Miss Prudence Crandall, a member of the Society of Friends, established a school for young ladies in Canterbury, Conn., in the autumn of 1832. A few months after her school opened, she admitted Sarah Harris, a colored girl, a member of the village church. This young woman attended the district school and desired to become better educated in order to teach among the children of her race. Although a classmate of some of Miss Crandall's pupils, ob-

jections were immediately raised to her remaining in the school.

All Miss Crandall's property was invested in the building, and the alternative of dismissing the colored girl or losing her white pupils was a bitter trial, but she met the issue grandly, rising above all personal interest in devotion to principle.

Having determined upon her course, she advertised at the beginning of her next term, her school would be opened to young ladies and misses of color, and others who might wish to attend. The people of Canterbury, greatly enraged, called a town meeting to abate the threatened "nuisance." Notwithstanding all opposition the school opened with fifteen or twenty pupils, but they were insulted upon the streets, the stores closed against them and her, their well filled with filth and the house assailed. The Legislature passed an act making the establishment of schools for colored youth illegal, and this act was received by the citizens of Canterbury with firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and demonstration of great rejoicing. Physicians refused to attend the sick of her family. The Trustees forbade her to come with them into the house of God. Miss Crandall was finally arrested for the crime of teaching colored girls, but in July, 1834, after many trials, the case was quashed, the court declaring it "unnecessary to come to any decision on the question as to the constitutionality of the law."

Soon after this an attempt was made to burn Miss Crandall's house. In spite of all difficulties, however, she continued to struggle on in her work of benevolence. But her enemies were determined and implacable, and on September 9, 1834, assaulted her house with clubs, rendering it untenable, and then acting upon the advice of friends, the project was abandoned.

How great must have been the degradation of New England when upon this delicate, lovely woman the torture was inflicted of social ostracism, insult, exclusion from God's house, a criminal trial, and confinement in a murderer's

cell,—all inflicted by the church, the county, the State!

Delaware taxed free colored persons for the fund to educate white children, but in 1840 the Society of Friends formed the African School Association, at Wilmington, and established two schools for boys and girls of color.

In the District of Columbia prejudice was rampant, and the laws very stringent against the education of Negroes, for slaves formed a large part of the population of the capital. But the colored people of the District were eminently progressive; they determined to have schools and to educate their children, and in the face of persecution that might well have daunted the most daring, instituted private schools where the children were taught the rudiments of learning. Among the many energetic women who opened these schools we mention Mrs. Anne Maria Hall, Anne Eliza Cook, Nannie Waugh, Louisa Parke Coston, Martha Costin, Martha Becraft, and the members of the Wormley family.

One of the most successful schools was operated by Miss Myrtilla Miner, for four years. She received applications from more pupils than she could admit. Her work was done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, but she possessed a rare union of qualifications,—good sense, tact, industry, energy—all of which wait upon successful ventures. Her school attracted the attention of philanthropists everywhere and finally led to the establishment of the Normal School for Colored Female Teachers under the care of the "Washington Association for the Education of Free Colored Youth." We append an extract from the appeal for aid which Miss Miner sent out to the friends of the oppressed.

"While good men send forth shiploads of bread to feed the famishing of other lands, and the country sends free equipments of ships, money and men to bear home the oppressed of other nations; why not remember the suffering at home, who suffer for want of soul-food; for enlightenment of mind, such

as a Christian nation should be careful to bestow.

"Shall the colored people of Washington be allowed the instruction necessary to enlighten their minds, awaken their consciences, and purify their lives? We fear some will answer 'No,' but there are others who will say 'Yes,' and to these we earnestly look for aid.

"We would at this time considerably inquire, can we be sustained in our efforts to perfect an Institution of learning here, adequate to the wants of the people, worthy the spirit of the age, and embodying those religious principles and moral teachings which, by their fruits shall be found to purify the heart, rendering it 'first pure, then peaceable?'

"We earnestly urge this appeal. We entreat all ministers of Christ to care for these lost sheep; we entreat the women of our country to aid in rescuing their sex from the extremity of ignorance, dishonor and suffering; we entreat the happy mothers of our land to pity and relieve the sorrows of mothers compelled to see their children growing up in ignorance and degradation."

In Florida and Georgia white children alone were educated. Georgia was very strict in establishing a penal code in 1833, against persons employing any slave or free person of color to set type or perform any other labor about a printing office, requiring knowledge of reading, writing, etc.

The laws of Illinois and Indiana were cruel in relation to the education of Negroes; a free mission institute at Quincy, Ill., was mobbed because a few colored persons were admitted to the classes.

In Kentucky and Louisiana the laws provided imprisonment for all persons teaching Negroes. The close of the war found the ex-slaves of New Orleans in a lamentable condition, and among those who were moved to tender their services to ameliorate this situation the name of Mrs. Louisa De Mortie ranks deservedly high.

She came to Boston in 1853, we believe, from Norfolk, Va.; where she was born free. In 1862 she began as a pub-

lic reader in Boston, where her rare ability gained her many admirers and friends among leading men and women of the country, and a successful public career seemed to be before her.

About this time hearing of the distress amongst the colored children of New Orleans, left orphans by the war, she resolved to go there and devote her life to their welfare. While there the yellow fever broke out, and although urged by relatives and friends to return to the North until it had abated somewhat, she refused to desert her post of duty among the helpless little ones.

In 1867 Mrs. De Mortie succeeded in raising enough money to erect a building for an orphans' home; but her useful career was cut short at last by yellow fever, and she died October 10, 1867, in her thirty-fourth year.

The news of her death created profound regret among all classes at the North where her name was a household word, and the newspapers of New Orleans spoke of her in the most eulogistic terms.

Mrs. De Mortie was a remarkably brilliant and gifted woman. Richly endowed by nature with the qualities that please and fascinate, it may be said with truth that she was one of the most beautiful women of her day.

Negro children were excluded from the benefits of school training in Maryland, but God opened a way.

St. Frances Academy for colored girls was founded in connection with the Oblate Sisters of Providence Convent, in Baltimore, June 5, 1829, receiving the sanction of the Holy See, October 2, 1831. The convent originated with the French Fathers, who came to Baltimore as refugees fleeing from the revolution in San Domingo. The colored women who formed the original society which founded the convent and seminary, were from San Domingo, though some of them had been educated in France.

The Sisters of Providence renounce the world to consecrate themselves to the Christian education of colored girls. This school under their control has developed in importance until the good it

has accomplished can hardly be estimated. Teaching as the Sisters do the solid principles of domestic virtues and pure religion, a legacy is passed on of inestimable value to the unborn thousands yet to come.

Miss Fanny M. Jackson (wife of Bishop Levi B. Coppin) was born in Washington, D. C., about 1837, and was left an orphan at an early age. She was brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Clark, but the opportunities for acquiring education were limited in the District, and she went to New Bedford with her aunt Mrs. Orr. When Mrs. Orr removed to Newport, R. I., Miss Jackson took up her residence with the family of Mayor Caldwell. At this time Miss Jackson had begun to give her friends glimpses of her rare gifts of mind which have since ripened into scholarship of the most profound nature. When we consider Miss Jackson's early struggles for education and the high position she occupies to-day in educational circles, we must acknowledge her to be one of the most remarkable women of the century just closed.

Her rare genius attracted the attention of ripe scholars everywhere, and it is interesting to hear Hon. Geo. Downing, of Newport, tell of his first meeting with the lady, when they crossed swords in public debate at a citizens' meeting to consider the question of colored schools.

Mayor Caldwell was so strongly impressed by her ability that by his aid she was able to enter the school at Bristol, R. I., and begin the study of the higher branches. After preparation here, Miss Jackson went to Oberlin College, where she soon took the highest rank with other progressive students. To assist her in meeting the bills for tuition, she taught music in families in the village, and also was entrusted with the musical training of the children of the professors at the college. Miss Jackson is a fine performer on the piano, harp, guitar and organ, often serving as organist in her vacation time in the church where Minister Van Horn was so long the pastor.

Irreproachable in reputation, with rare gifts and great moral aspirations, Miss Jackson was and always has been of untold value and benefit to her race. She easily won the highest respect and sympathy from her Oberlin teachers, and she was selected as a teacher for the Institute at Philadelphia, long before graduation.

The Institute for colored youth was founded by Richard Humphrey, of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends; a people whose sympathy and charity for the oppressed Negro are proverbial, and who have earned our heartfelt gratitude and respect.

Mr. Humphrey left a fund of ten thousand dollars; a legacy coming under the guidance of the Society amounted to sixteen thousand two hundred and ninety dollars in 1838. With this sum a charter was secured from the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1842. Its object the education of colored youth, male and female, "to act as teachers and instructors in the different branches of

school learning, or in the mechanical arts and agriculture."

The Institute was permanently located on Lombard street, in 1851.

Graduating with honors, Miss Jackson at once took her position in this school, where she was principal until she resigned in 1902. Her ability in governing this institution of learning has given her world-wide fame; she is respected by parents and guardians, and loved by her pupils.

Miss Jackson has appeared on the platform where her rhetoric has dazzled the listener. As a writer she is a keen reasoner and a deep thinker, handling live issues in a masterly manner.

We would compare her to Madame De Stael, but that cultured woman was the product of centuries of education and refinement. Miss Jackson is a unique figure among women of all nationalities,—a standing monument of the handiwork of the Great Architect, whose masterly creations man can never hope to approach.

THE ENLISTED MAN IN ACTION.

OR, THE COLORED AMERICAN SOLDIER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

RIENZI B. LEMUS, COMPANY K, 25TH INFANTRY.

When the press of our country, under glaring headlines, occasionally chronicle some great achievement of the army, the casual observer is led to think the enlisted man is always sullen, hard-hearted and cold; but such is a misconception, and such an impression would be quickly dispelled could he but behold him in his quarters, during an active campaign.

Once inside there will be found every diversion known to pastime. In one corner, seated on improvised beds and boxes, a whist party will be enjoying that game. Next, and in close proxim-

ity, there's a Pedro game; while a lean, lank soldier is moving from place to place trying to borrow a deck of cards; diagonally opposite the above a pair of adventurous youths will be amusing themselves at checkers, the board being constructed of an end of a hard tack box, while corks, buttons and rocks answer the purpose of checkers. Next to the checker players, one young agent of ecclesiastical tendencies and a Knight of Ingersoll are disputing on the relation of Cæsar and Alexander the Great to Daniel and Goliath. About this time, a book-worm, who, by the way, is the

philosopher of the outfit, moves to a secluded spot where he can pursue his interest in Sir Roger DeCoverly, unmolested; a licensed parson who is in the army for experience, (and plenty of it he's getting), saunters up and joins the spiritual argument, which becomes so spirited, till the first sergeant, a Prince of Voltaire, steps up, but scarcely scores a point, for, as he starts to the far end of the quarters to stop a party of ration critics and two guard-house judge advocates from a tie-up, an orderly steps in and announces his presence is desired by the captain at headquarters.

His place is quickly taken by a champion of Tom Payne, while two patriots of St. Peter and admirers of "Quo Vadis" join, the argument grows hotter, then abusive, finally personal, and is about to end in a free fight, when the first sergeant steps up quickly and calls attention.

Silence reigns supreme, for every one knows there is something in the wind, and is eager to hear.

The first sergeant then delivers his orders. "At eight P.M., everybody will draw two days' rations (hard bread,—better known as hard-tack—canned salmon, canned tomatoes, potatoes, coffee, sugar and matches), get 40 extra rounds of ammunition and retire early, for you'll be called at two A.M. to march on the mountain stronghold of the enemy opposite here. All who are sick and otherwise disabled will immediately go on the sick report, because it'll take the doctor to excuse you. I won't. That's all!"

Immediately pandemonium takes possession of the surroundings. The guard house judge advocates hurriedly make provisions to transfer from the Law to the Medical department; for they know the surgeon is the only one who can keep them from facing those bullets to-morrow. The parson prints his Testament, while the rest go about their duties full of enthusiasm, for, despite the exceptions in all classes, there is prospect of a scrap, and the American Army enlisted man is in his element.

From the time the "Top," as the first sergeant is affectionately designated by the men, issues the order, all manner of pastimes are again resorted to; the mail has arrived in the meantime, and he is busily distributing it. The book-worm receives a fresh package of books. The guard-house judge advocates receive letters, "but are too sick to read them." The soldier who tried to borrow a deck of cards is grumbling, saying, "I'll write myself a letter and put it in the mails. I know I'll get one then." "Never mind," said a jolly youth, "you'll forget all about mail in the morning."

Then the conversation becomes general on best girls, home, schooldays, till the squad commanders announce, "It's time to draw rations," and the line is struck; all file past the table where the cooks and kitchen police are issuing the field ration. The first thing encountered is the little kitchen police, with long whiskers, issuing hard tack, next, the head cook handles the salmon and canned tomatoes, while the second kitchen police and quartermaster sergeant manipulate the potatoes, coffee, sugar and matches, in the order named with the dexterity of a locomotive fireman in a slight-of-hand performance. The rations all issued, everyone then repairs to the quarters, where the arts of war, the great campaigns and battles and the greatest warriors are discussed. One fellow makes assertion that Cæsar was the greatest warrior ever known, while the Knight of Ingersoll retaliated strongly in favor of Alexander the Great; the book-worm advocates Hannibal, while the parson laid aside his Testament, adjusted his glasses, and scored several points for King David. This argument again became personal, for the Knight of Ingersoll, (who was fond of developing the parson's wrath), said the parson was the greatest warrior of them all; reminding him of the last expedition, when he had several times dropped his can of corned beef, but the man behind him always picked it up; but how he finally lost it after the parson got behind him, because the former

was afraid to stoop down and pick it up. The parson then became angry, but he could find nothing against the character of the Knight, so he dropped back and began reading his Testament.

The talk then turned to Komrigratz, and was about to plunge into the Crimea, when the shrill notes of tattoo sounded on the peaceful night air, and the stern commands of the non-commissioned officers, "All lights out; all talking cease." The dogs howled, and the last words spoken were those of the parson drawling out, "When the dogs howl, 'tis the sign of death." A tremendous outbreak of laughter greeted this, and the "Top," as soon as he could control his mirth, shouted, "Stop that noise! Lights are out; and, as for you, parson, three days' extra kitchen police."

After much sniggering, the boys finally droppde off into dreamland.

At 1 A.M. every one is up and astir, hot coffee is served, the canteens filled, and everything ready and eagerly awaiting the start. In the dim candlelight can be seen the enlisted man when he's happiest; clad in his dark blue flannel shirt, canvass (overalls) trousers, leggings, his cartridge belt bristling with 100 rounds of ammunition; while across his shoulders is suspended a belt, made of a piece of blanket, containing 40 pounds extra; his haversack and canteen, not unlike the blanket belt, is swinging from his sturdy shoulders containing his all in all (subsistence); his coffee and sugar are tied in a new sock, reserved especially for that purpose, and is dangling from his haversack; while the pet and pride of his existence—his beautiful magazine rifle—is grasped carelessly about the centre; a rough, battle-scarred campaign hat tops him off; and thus he stands, impatient, awaiting the order to fall in and march to where the will of his country demands him; who knows where? Victory or destruction? Which?

At last the time has come. "Fall in." The first sergeant calls the roll, everyone present but the noisy guard house judge advocates, they're in sick report, excused by the surgeon. The "Top" wheels about, with his right hand sa-

lutes, and says, "Sir: the company is present or accounted for."

The adjutant of each company reports to the major. "Right face! Forward—march!" The company moves out in column of files (singly) the thick underbrush preventing otherwise.

The scouts move out cautiously over the rough ground, fifty yards ahead, with their native guide and alert groups on either flank; behind, the advance guard stealthily grope, eager to catch the faintest sounds coming from the front. The adjutant and his trusty veteran sergeant are with the scouts; while the major commanding this expedition marches silently, leading his long column.

"H—O—O—P—E!" a yell is heard in the death-like stillness. Hush! "H—O—O—P—E! H—O—O—P—E!" It can be heard growing fainter and fainter, showing the enemy is being warned of the column's approach by house to house signalling and yelling. The scouts halt; the advance passes the word, and the major halts the column. The adjutant makes his way back and has a conference with the major. The former then directs, by orders of the commanding officer, the column will halt and await daylight, as the treacherous, non combatant, combatants are announcing its approach with signals of house to house yelling, and it must be a rushing fight. Everyone enjoys a snooze until the grey and pink streaks of dawn announce the approach of another beautiful day.

"Fall in!" commands the major. "Fall in!" the junior and non-commissioned officers take it up. "Forward—March!" The scouts now plunge into the foothills, followed by the advance guards. All find it difficult climbing. The guide leads them through a perfect mass of underbrush, the long roots and vines entangling the feet, and often snatching the rifle from their tight grasp. Finally the column strike a trail, climbing several hundred feet; it emerges into a beautiful opening. A young lieutenant, with a sergeant and several men, leave the column to reconnoiter. Climb-



THE RECONNOITERING FLANKERS RETURN THE FIRE.



THE FLANKING GROUP TAKING IT EASY ON THE RETURN.

ing a densely wooded ridge they are met with a few scattering shots; the ridge proves to be the enemy's outpost.

The detachment returns the fire and charges. The enemy flee; the first shots are fired; the step taken. Down in the clearing, the column has deployed for action. At the first fire, the Duke of Voltaire tightens on his cigar; the parson falls on his knees to offer—but remembering the situation, quickly arises and moves out, the ration critics seem well contented; the book-worm and the champion of Tom Payne are laughing, while the Knight of Ingersoll and admirers of "Quo Vadis" forget there were ever any such things in existence, in view of exceptional circumstances altering the case.

The column is divided; one section moves straight into a narrow canyon; the precipitous bluffs on either side, which conceal the hidden enemy, seeming to invite defiance. Another section is sent on either flank to scale the cliffs, while a company remains in the clearing. The flankers have hardly taken their position when a tremendous series of volleys come from all points of the compass, followed by a terrific rapid fire; the elements seem to be shooting. The fire is demoralizing; the men in the canyon spring to either side and commence to climb.

They waver only for a moment; a sergeant with a flanker's hat and rifle in one hand, revolver in the other, springs out yelling, "Follow me. We can't see 'em, but we can shoot 'em in sight." The line goes forward with a bound; the other flankers, seeing the progress of their comrades, move forward; the company in the clearing cheers to the echo, and wheeling, silences the fire from the rear; a platoon, working up from the canon, encounters a nest of yellow jack-ets which do more damage than the enemy's bullets. "Move out!" yelled the champion of Tom Payne, "for I'm shot in the head, and let's catch the d—d cowards." "Move to that ledge, take a blow and then for 'em!" yelled a corporal, none too soon, for they had just got out of range.

"Zip, zip, zip, zap, bing, zip," hummed the bullets. Look at the tree tops on the ground. "The din grows fierce," said the soldier who tried to borrow the deck of cards, "Look how they fire." "D—n that!" shouted the colonel, "There's no advantage nor unity in firing at will. We'll win!" "Hugh!" said the parson, as he drawled out a familiar passage of Scripture, "a house that divided against itself, shall fall;" The parson is a trained soldier, and knows it takes unity of movement and steady firing to win.

"Let's go. Forward—March! "Zip, zip, ting, ting, zip," hummed the bullets. "Load! Aim—fire! Again boys! Load! Aim—fire!" Zip, ting! "Forward—march! Halt! Load! Aim—fire!"

"I see a man," said a corporal, trying to show him to a hospital corpsman. "Oh! I am shot," and, poor fellow, he fell over, mortally wounded, with the medicine man in close attendance.

Two sections now work to an opening from which a hill rose its summit, containing a camp and trenches from which the heavy firing is coming. "Advance by rushes!" yelled the lieutenant. "Forward! Load! Aim—Fire!" alternating till the shrill notes of the trumpet sounded to the charge.

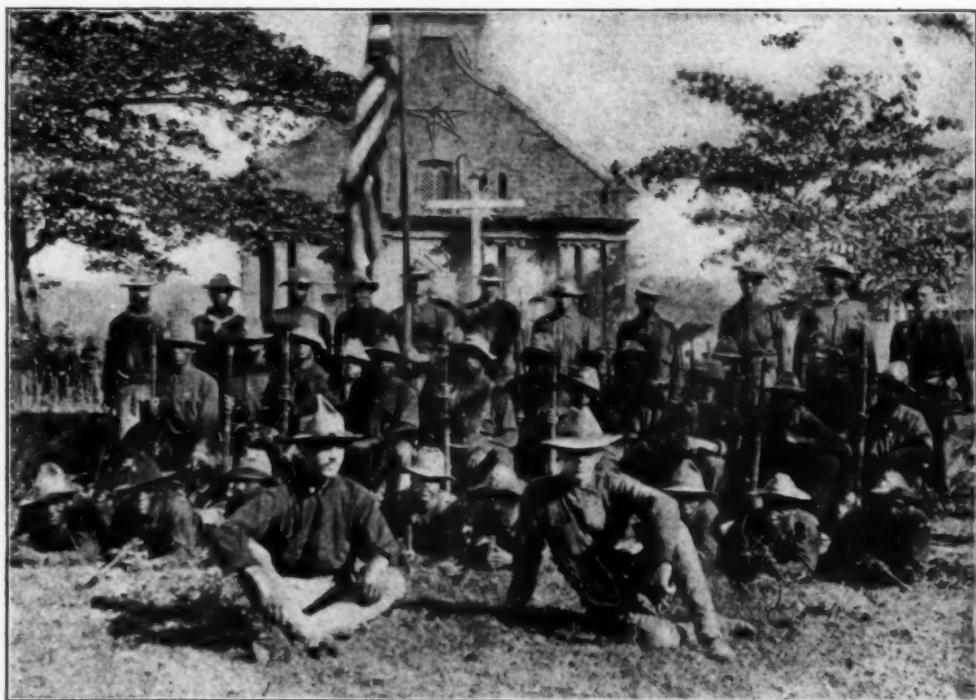
Charge! The trumpet sounds; a ringing yell; the enemy waver before the unerring onslaught, fire a few parting shots and flee, pell-mell, into the incessant fire of the reserve company in the clearing; wheeling, they disappeared in the jungles, where, in that well-nigh impenetrable mass, they were safe from pursuit. The wounded are brought up and tenderly cared for. One fellow is shot in both feet, but took it cheerfully. The champion of Tom Payne is slightly wounded in the head, but if it wasn't for his being so noisy from an overdose of stimulant, and the white rag around his top-piece, one would never know the difference.

The corporal's wounds are mortal. He takes it as only the soldier can, and gives directions for the disposition of his effects.

Everywhere details went, burning up

the camps. One was about to return when groaning could be heard a short distance down the hill. The group moved to the spot, where lay five brothers, enlisted men, dead, dying and wounded. The strongest of the group told the story; they had been taken prisoners some time before; at the column's approach they were lined up and brutally shot and cut down. They, with the other wounded, were carefully carried to

During the campaign of '99-'00, the Insurgents, driven from the railroad by the armies of McArthur and Wheaton, took refuge in the various mountain ranges paralleled with the road on either flank. In the late Gen. Lowe's command was an organization known as Lowe's scouts, organized by Captain P. G. Lowe, 25th Inf. (then 1st Lieut. 18th Inf.) and composed of detachments from the various regiments of the regu-



"AFTER THE BATTLE." Y. M. C. A.

camp on improvised litters, and turned into the hospital where, that night, at 10.30 P.M. the corporal answered his last call and with two others, victims of the enemies' butchery, incased in the Stars and Stripes, they were shipped to the land they so dearly loved and for which they gave their life.

In a few days the camp was as usual, and the last time we saw the parson, he was inquiring for the paymaster.

There are cases of individual coolness and bravery too numerous to mention; so we simply pick the latest.

lars and civilians discharged from the different state volunteer organizations, serving in the Malalos campaign. They were all daring, cool fellows, representing the flower of "American manhood."

One dark night Private Harney of the 22d U. S. Inf. was left in charge of a small detachment of these scouts guarding prisoners in the mountain. The little party was just about to light their fires, when they were attracted by the bright glow of a camp fire further down the mountain side. Seizing his carbine, Harney stealthily made his way toward

the fire; halting he could see nine armed insurgents, squatting around fire, evidently very happy, their rifles on the ground. Going closer, he commanded them in Spanish, "to throw up their hands, fall in and march ahead, for if they didn't, his 'large force,' which completely surrounded them, would open fire and kill all." Terrified, they complied. Harney marched them off to the other prisoners, secured the rifles,

tion was walking his post as No. 4 sentry. (No. 4 is some distance from quarters and the usual bustle of the passing throng.)

It was about 11.15 P.M.; the patrol had just left. As he walked past a corner three natives sprang from its dark recesses and, taking good pains to get between him and quarters, opened a heavy fire. Letot coolly wheeled, drew back his bolt and aimed, but the trigger



THE SCOUTS HALT AND THE ADVANCE PASSES THE WORD. See page 48.

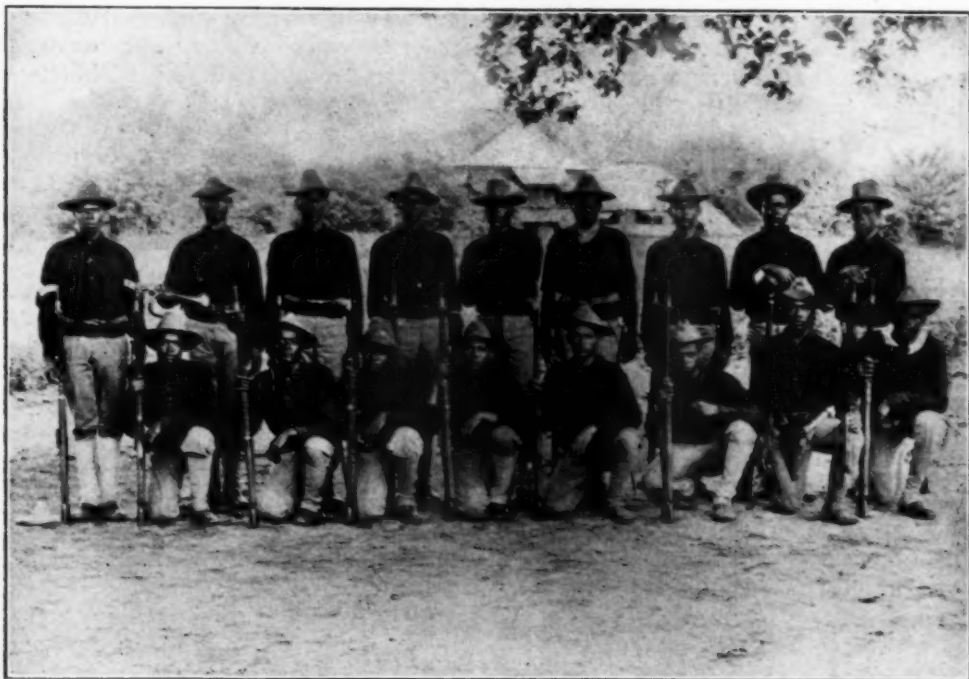
and the next morning turned them over to his lieutenant. Harney's position can readily be appreciated, for, had these natives spoken only some dialect, they would have had him in a tight place, for his force was not sufficient to accomplish both the guarding of his prisoners and the fighting of the captured party.

On the 23d of July, 1901, at this station, Private John Letot, a recruit lately assigned to Co. K, 25th Inf., and never before under fire, put to flight three cowardly cut-throats, who attacked him and captured one of their rifles before assistance arrived. The soldier in ques-

snapped. Then he remembered he had never adjusted the cut off of the magazine, which controls the passage of the cartridge from the magazine to the chamber; hastily doing this, he opened a vigorous fire and the outlaws beat a hasty retreat, leaving a rifle, which he picked up and handed over to the patrol. When asked for his account of the affair, he said, "All I wanted to do was to hurry and run 'em off, because I knew as they had be cut off, I would have to fire in the direction the reinforcement would have to come." He was commended by the commanding officer.

Last November, up in Cayaijan, the most northerly province of Luzon, the military garrisons were occupied by the 16th (Regular) Inf., and the 49th (Volunteer) Inf. The towns of this, as in most other provinces, contain a church rectory, usually constructed of stone or other substantial material. These are usually occupied by troops. A detachment of the 16th, commanded by a sergeant, occupied one of these small towns.

when he was severely wounded. Placed on his bed, he coolly directed the fight. The cook meantime, began to get breakfast, and breakfast ready, the detachment, divided into squads, going in, one at a time, the firing continuing during the performance, so that, when reinforcements arrived, the last squad had just sat down to eat. The enemy, who proved to be a band of *Ladrones*, hastily retreated.



THIRD SECTION OF COMPANY K, 25TH INFANTRY.

Early one morning the sentry was attracted by some unusual and suspicious noise. As he started to investigate its source, a tremendous fire was opened, and the noble fellow fell mortally wounded. The other members of the detachment hurried into their clothes and began their defense from the inside, after rescuing their fallen comrade. The fire continued until daylight, with no abatement. Seeing the enemy meant to do or die, encouraged by their superior numbers, the sergeant decided to fire only when they exposed themselves; but he had hardly completed his instructions

In the same province at Piat, Co. M of the 49th Inf. was stationed; four miles from Piat a detachment consisting of two non-commissioned officers and fourteen privates were stationed at the barrack of Bahorn. The natives appeared very friendly, and were soon on intimate terms with the soldiers. They occupied a building, (typical to this country) raised several feet from the ground. It was the custom of the President (Mayor) to visit the soldiers and often play cards. One night he called as usual, but his manner was very suspicious, so the sergeant determined not to be caught "with

his boots off." As was usual, he accompanied him a short distance in the direction of his home; on returning, the sentry reported some one moving suspiciously around the bandstand. As the sergeant turned to get a better view, the insurgents opened fire all around. Steadily advancing, they closed in on the building, cutting off the sergeant and corporal, who gallantly fought their way through and entered the quarters. The enemy now crowded under the building, began yelling and shooting.

The men above opened a slaughtering fire through the floor, and massing at the head of the stairs, rushed out yelling

like wild. The astonished natives retired precipitately. One man volunteered and went alone four miles after reinforcements, upon whose approach the next evening the enemy left the vicinity. Both of these detachments were commended in orders by their District Commander.

Thus we have seen the American Army enlisted man in action; always jolly and clad in his campaigning kit, ready to march where the will of his country demands him. Who knows where? To victory or destruction, which? "The last time VICTORY!"

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: SKETCHES OF SOME OF HER PROMINENT CITIZENS.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

G. H. S. Bell was born in the town of St. George, in the islands of Bermuda, alias Somers Islands, on the 16th of December, 1838. His father and mother, Inkle and Hannah Bell, were both for-



THE OLD PEARL ST. A. M. E. ZION CHURCH,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Erected in 1857. The annual A. M. E. Zion Conference met here in 1895.

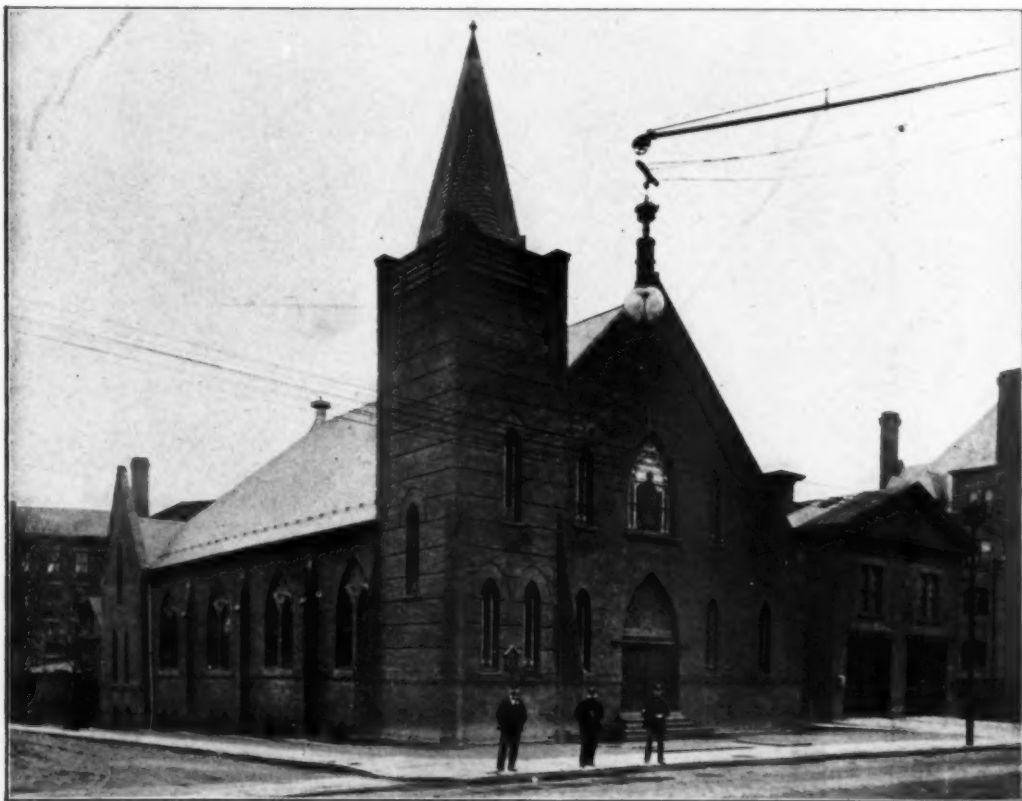
merly slaves in what was known as the British West Indies slavery, but were, by an act of the British Parliament, emancipated on the first of August, 1834. His grandfather, Mr. Peter Herbert, by his mother's side, was a freeman, and was the first appointed class leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Church or So-

ciety in Bermuda. This information was gained from the memoirs of Rev. John Marsden, the second appointed and officiating Wesleyan minister in that colony.

From the age of six to fourteen years he was a strict attendant and ardent scholar in the parochial schools under white and colored teachers of no mean ability. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a Mr. Thomas Worth to learn the tailoring business in the town of Hamilton, Bermuda. At the expiration of six years apprenticeship, having finished the trade, he worked about two years as journeyman tailor, and served as parish constable at the same time. This position was occupied by him for the purpose of pulling down race prejudice. The first duty he was called to perform in this office by the mayor was to serve a warrant and arrest a mutinous crew of six stalwart seamen of an American schooner. Big Tom and his five followers very readily submitted to the little man and accompanied him to the jail.

Ambition prompted the journeyman tailor to start into business for himself, which he did, and continued for about a year and a half. His great desire to study when a schoolboy never left him. It rather became greater, and all his leisure moments were applied in that direction. He often made a sacrifice of pleasure for the purpose of gaining knowledge. He was not designed to

About the year 1856 he came into possession of the "History of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church," written by Bishop C. Rush. By it he became interested in the subject of colored churches and their ministry. Being always associated with an amalgamated church membership, he was not much acquainted with white and colored churches in the civilized world. This



THE NEW A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, HARTFORD, CONN. ERECTED IN 1898.

It is in this church that the 58th annual N. E. A. M. E. Zion Conference will be held during this month.

remain long as a master tailor, for the dean and rector of St. George's Parish urged the request to relinquish the trade and take charge of a government school in his diocese, which he accepted after passing examination. When he became established in this new calling he fully realized the benefit of continual studying. For fifteen years he continued in the capacity of a public teacher in his native home, when he resigned that position to enter into one of more responsibility.

rekindled his childhood ambition to be a "preacher of the Gospel," but the opportunities were in the far distant and inconceivable. In 1868 an opportunity was offered by an Episcopal clergyman to give instructions in such branches of a higher education as to qualify a candidate for examination to ministerial orders; the offer was readily embraced and pursued to the satisfaction of the preceptor. It was the wish of his educational benefactor that he should aspire to the Episcopal ministry. When

he discovered three years later that Mr. Bell was connected with the Methodists, especially as a preacher, he became so indignant that he refused to recognize him on the streets; he even caused the lord bishop of the dioceses to visit him with

were considerably interested in the rumor that a colored bishop intended visiting their island home. Prompted by curiosity, on April 23d, 1870, he adjourned school for half a day to be one of the first to see a colored bishop, when, about



REV. G. H. S. BELL, D.D., HARTFORD, CONN.

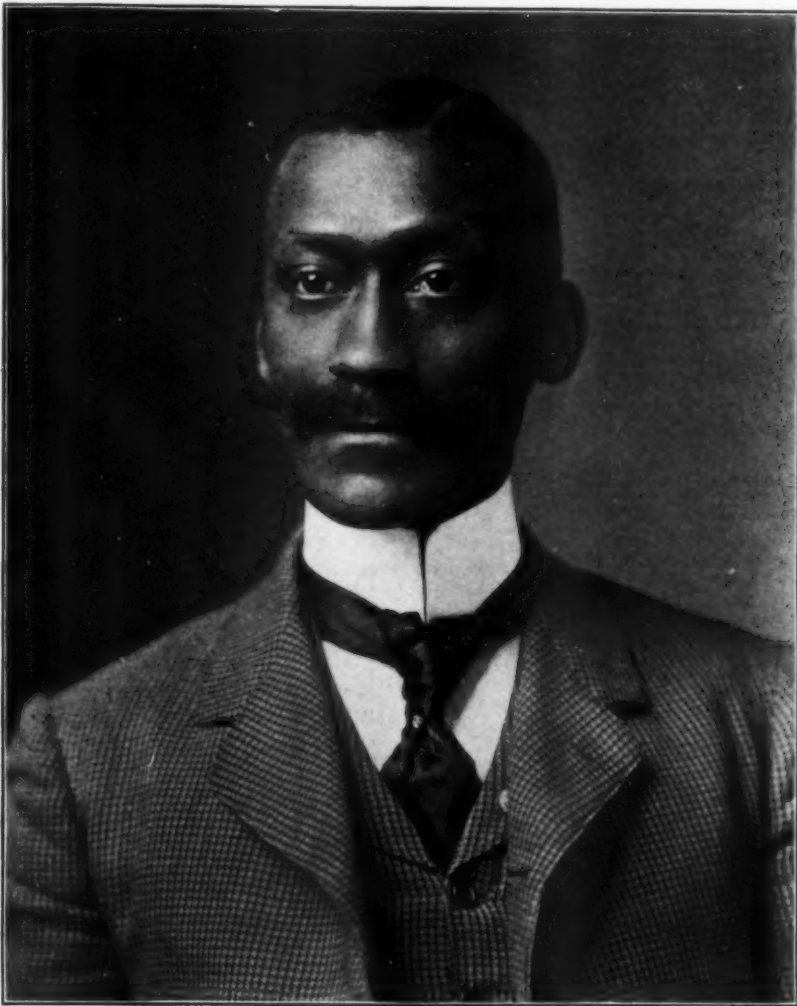
persuasions against being identified with the colored Methodist Society. All arguments failed in causing any change, as, seemingly, there was a divine ruling in the man who loved the welfare of his race.

In the year 1870 the inhabitants of Bermuda—particularly the colored—

2.30 P.M., the New York mail steamer entered Hamilton harbor, bearing the distinguished guest, Bishop Willis Nazrey, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church of the Dominion of Canada. While numbered with the anxious lookers-on the voice of his father-in-law, Mr. James T. Butterfield, was heard di-

recting him to look after the bishop's baggage. Deeming the request a proper one, he hastened to comply. Two days later a public meeting was convened in the spacious hall of the Odd Fellows' Building, at which time this

time, especially nights, was devoted to traveling and speaking in the interest of the new church society. In the year 1872 he was granted local preacher's license, and on the 18th of May, 1873, was ordained to the order of a deacon in



G. GRANT WILLIAMS, HARTFORD, CONN. See page 60.

bishop delivered an address on the colored people of America and Bermuda. Mr. Bell attended this meeting as a curious spectator. When the exercises took the turn of a business form he was the choice for secretary pro tem, but he was destined to go beyond that. From that night the greater part of his leisure

the British Methodist Episcopal Church and in the first Bermuda Annual Conference by Bishop W. Nazrey. He continued to follow teaching school, visiting his charges on Sundays and once during the week days. As no clergyman in Bermuda at that time was allowed to exercise all the functions of his office

without permission from the governor and council, who had first to approve of credentials and qualifications, he was approved and licensed January 24, 1876. At the General Conference of the Bermuda Methodist Episcopal Church which met in St. Catharine's, Ont., in September of the same year, he was on the seventeenth day ordained to elders' orders. He returned to Bermuda and pursued his usual avocations till July, 1877, when he was transferred to the



REV. J. SULLA COOPER, HARTFORD, CONN.
See page 59.

Nova Scotia Conference and assigned to the church at Liverpool, where he remained for two years. He also taught a government school during his pastorate. When about to leave, the superintendent of schools offered him a room in the academy if he would remain. The offer was tempting, but not enough to induce him to forsake what he considered God's call to the ministry. His next charge was at St. John, N. B. His entrance to that city was by no means encouraging. The people had become dissatisfied and discouraged on account of

some misdemeanors of former pastors, and did not want to "have any more ministers." For nine hours he and his wife walked the streets of that city looking for a place to stop or a home. The Sunday following his arrival there he held service, and the people subscribed largely to his support. He fared sumptuously all that year, leaving with the heartfelt regrets of many.

During his stay in St. John he decided to carry out the wishes of earlier days, and that was to spend a few years in the United States. Learning what time the African Methodist Episcopal Zion and African Episcopal Bethel Conferences would meet, he proposed to visit them both, and the one that pleased the better he would try to join. Consequently, in April, 1880, he came to America and visited the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Conference in the city of New Haven, Conn., where, from the affable disposition and gentlemanly manner of Bishop J. J. Moore, D.D., and the members of that Conference, he decided to make application for membership. Being still connected with his Nova Scotia Conference, and having no recommendation, only credentials of ordination, the Conference determined he should fill an appointment before it took any action pro or con. The next day, after complying with the Conference's request, he was unanimously accepted and appointed to Cambridgeport, Mass. As Secretary of the Nova Scotia Conference he had to return there and deliver up their books. At the time he went to Cambridgeport, Zion was numerically small and influentially weak. God in his divine power visited Zion there in 1882 with a great revival spirit, when a large number professed conversion to God. From that time little Rush Zion began to take her stand, not among the nations of the earth, but among the churches of cities. The interest of the work had so much increased that all floating debts were met, and by the time for the sitting of the Annual Conference in 1884 over one hundred dollars had been banked toward the purchase of land for building purposes. In 1884 he

was appointed to the charge at Hartford, Conn., where he remained three years. He served the church at Middletown, Conn., two years and from there he went to Worcester, Mass., remaining in the pastorate three years. His next appointment was at Waterbury, Conn., where he served a term of five years, at the end of which he was sent to Combridgeport, Mass., to pastor a dividing church. At the next Annual Conference by a pressing request he returned to Waterbury, Conn., and remained two years.

In 1881 he was elected assistant secretary for the Annual Conference, and in 1882 was elected secretary of the Annual Conference, and served in that capacity till 1884, when he was appointed and elected Conference Steward, and served sixteen years in that office. He was made a member of the General Conference, which sat in New York City that same year. He was also a member of the following General Conferences: 1888 at New Berne, N. C.; 1892 at Pittsburg, Pa.; 1896 at Mobile, Ala, and 1900 at Washington, D. C. He has been connected with the Local Mission Board of the New England Annual Conference for ten years, serving in the capacity of secretary all but one year, when he was president, and is now treasurer of said board. He is now serving as Presiding Elder of the New England Conference. In the year 1900 he received, for meritorious services in the A. M. E. Zion Church, the title of D.D.

Rev. J. Sulla Cooper, D.D. has been elected president of the M. E. preachers' meeting of that city twice, he being the only one of color. A great church builder, having built five in a pastorate extending over fifteen years. The present church edifice, costing \$22,500 with all the modern improvements, ladies sitting room, ladies' parlor, gentleman's room, pastor's study, lecture room, etc. He is modest, affable, honest, frank, kind, jovial and yet unassuming. In connection with his present parish he has a flourishing mission which he or-

ganized in New Briton and at which he speaks once every Sabbath and visits twice a week. He is an author of some note, having published a Quarterly Conference Record, and Bishop Hood in calling attention to it in the "Star of Zion" speaks of it as a "Great book, filling a long-felt need in the church. He published also a unique book just off the press, known as "The Children's Welcome." The "Congregationalist," the leading New England paper, speaks



RT. REV. BISHOP J. W. HOOD, D.D.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

of it as a "pleasant visitor to the home, which touches the deep strata of life." He is now secretary of New England Annual Conference of Zion Church and President of the Sunday School Convention.

Rt. Rev. Bishop J. W. Hood, D.D., L.L.D., of the First Episcopal District of A. M. E. Zion Church is a great theologian, a magnetic preacher of great force. His recent book, "The Plan of the Apocalypse," needs no introduction, for it is one of the leading religious

books in our city library. His "History of A. M. E. Zion Church," and a variety of other books are in the homes of the reading public. He wears his dignity



PETER C. LANE, HARTFORD, CONN.

with great ease and is one of the most fatherly Bishops of the age. He will preside at the New England Annual Conference in this city in May. In his Conferences he never uses a gavel nor even a harsh word. He has found out the key to self-control.

Among the progressive young men of our city, Mr. P. C. Lane is prominent. He was born in New Germantown, N. J., December 21, 1871, and removed to this city when a small boy, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lane. He was educated in the Hartford schools and studied pharmacy under Chas. Rapelye, the druggist, where he was employed for over fifteen years. In 1896 he passed a successful examination before the State Board of Pharmacy. He left Hartford in April, 1902, and on May 1st, 1902 opened a drug store at Saybrook, Conn., which is the first and

only drug store ever owned by a colored licensed druggist in the State of Connecticut.

Mr. Raymond Augustus Lawson was born May 23, 1875 at Shelbyville, Ky. He entered Fisk in 1889, and graduated from that college in 1896. From a child he has been noted for his natural musical ability. He graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Fisk in 1895, received a scholarship from the Mammon Club of Hartford and studied three years, graduated in 1900, and now has one of the most unique studios in the city. He is considered one of the best instructors of Piano in New England, and has a large class. Mr. Lawson intends to visit Europe before he considers his studies complete.

(By the Editor.)

G. Grant Williams, the subject of this sketch, was born in Peekskill, N. Y.,



MARSHALL L. CARR, HARTFORD, CONN.

A prominent young druggist

April 3d, 1868. He was educated in the public schools of that city, and in 1881 began working at the barber trade, and

since then has worked in some of the most prominent shops of the country.

He is now in business for himself at 209 Pearl street, Hartford, Conn., where he has one of the best equipped, up-to-

has sacrificed his time and money to further a good cause. Mr. Williams is a member of the Charter Oak Fountain No. 632, True Reformers, of High Cliff Lodge No. 2941, G. H. O. of O. F., and



RAYMOND A. LAWSON, HARTFORD, CONN. See page 60.

date, pretty little colored shops in New England.

Hartford of late has produced no public character whose name is better known to all classes. He is a public-spirited man. He has never sought notoriety, but seems to have unintentionally won it by his activity, and in many cases

is P. G. Masters Council No. 84 of Hartford.

He is the admirer and warm supporter of every colored man and woman who succeeds in winning their way.

Mr. Williams is now in the service of the most prominent race papers, and is also Agent for the "Colored American Magazine."

HERE AND THERE

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

North Carolina has always furnished her full quota of noted Negro men and women. From the emancipation of the Negro up to the present day, the old

Mary Prior Lynch is one of the most distinguished. She is an earnest agitator and courageous worker for the elevation of her race. And though she is worn



MARY PRIOR LYNCH

North State has produced men and women who would do credit to any race.

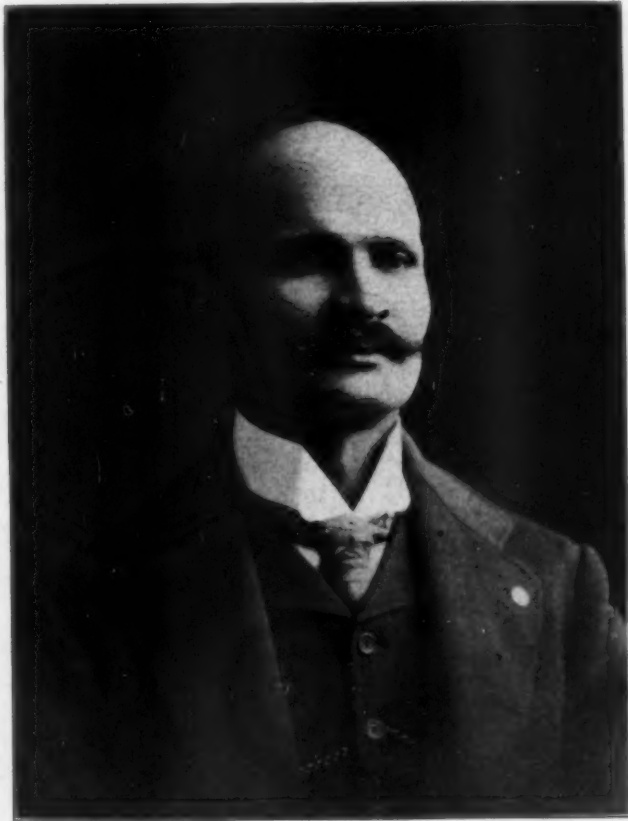
Not only are we proud of our young men and women who are known for their chivalry and extensive intellect, but we are proud of those who struggled through the dark ages under adverse circumstances and made life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness possible for those whose lives were touched by theirs. Among the many valient heroines of the dark days, the subject of this sketch,

and bent with years, she is to-day as tireless a worker as she was forty years ago. Born a slave in a little log cabin at Priestwood, Brunswick County, Va., May 5th, 1840, reared devoid of the elevating environments of a Christian home, she began life as a maid to her young mistress.

Her father on one occasion having saved his master's life, was given his liberty, and being a thrifty man, he acquired a scanty knowledge of the Eng-

lish rudiments, and Mary was allowed to take one lesson a night under him. When she was still very young, her mistress sent her to North Carolina as a birthday present to her nephew's daughter; little Mary was boxed up in an old chest and shipped to her future home— notwithstanding the unpleasant mode of transportation, the chest with its human

"Webster's Blue Back Speller." Mary had a rare taste for books, and when her mistress discovered that her little "Black Maid" was so interested in her books, especially the "Blue Back Speller," she decided to give her some instructions; she found Mary to be a bright and apt scholar, and besides giving her instructions from the text book she taught her to



A. L. HARRIS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

See page 66.

freight having to remain exposed to the rain several hours during the trip, she arrived at her new home, a birthday present to the woman who was now to be her mistress, who took Mary in the "Big House" as her maid. With this opportunity and her insatiable thirst for knowledge, she took advantage of her mistress' library, and whenever an opportunity presented itself would ponder over the contents of her favorite book,

sew; the age of fourteen years found Mary a good seamstress, secretly teaching her little slave companions what her mistress had taught her.

In 1854 she was married to Lovlace Brown, then a slave on the same plantation. Thus began the romantic phase of her life; the happy hours that had been a part of her life as a maid were now changed to a more melancholy state. Mary did not let this discourage her;

she continued to search for more knowledge; with her determined will and stern ambition she probed deep into the many problems that confronted her. Her unrequited love for her husband brought many hardships upon her; he was subjected to much cruel treatment, and she felt it her duty to share part of his burdens; many dark nights Mary

slaves. We might term him a preacher of the Jasper type; his phenomenal power over his slave companions was remarkable, and his knowledge of the Scriptures seemed to have been a gift of nature. After emancipation he lived to preach several years, and died believing that he had fought a good fight and had been faithful to his calling. Mary con-



JULIUS W. FIELDS, DENVER, COL.

See page 65.

would have to spend hours strolling in search of her "Lovlace;" he had made his escape from the dreaded lash, amid the swaying of the pine and the dreams of the Wood-cock, there he would be, spending his night's repose beside some turbulent stream whose constant churn and gurgle sounded like music from above.

Lovlace soon forgot the troubles of this vale of tears, and casting his eyes up to the azure regions he commenced to preach the Word of God to his fellow

continued to teach her companions until emancipated. She had already done much to demonstrate the genius existing in the race she represented; it was her burning desire to be of some use to her oppressed people. Being the best educated colored person in Halifax County, she applied for a position as teacher in the public school; she stood a very creditable examination, and took charge of the first public school established in the county for Negro children, being the first colored person to teach in Hali-

fax County, and one of the first in the State. She taught with marked success and was an indispensable benefactor to the newly-made citizens. The Negro had just been thrown out into the world upon his own responsibility, but needed education, integrity and wealth to make him an American citizen. Many who strived under the hope of securing these three essentials taught by Mary Prior Lynch have succeeded in life, and to-day old historic Halifax County can boast of more colored voters, even under the constitutional amendment, and more wealth among her colored citizens than any other county in the State. The impression she made in the school-room grows more brilliant with years. After the death of her first husband she remained a widow a few years, then married Berry W. Lynch, her present husband.

Her early life with its purity, fidelity, and courage, her declining days with her Christian love and devotion to her Maker is a life worthy of emulation.

Mr. Julius W. Feilds, son of the late Rev. J. B. Fields of Denver, was born in Macomb, Ill., July 9th, 1878, but his boyhood days were spent in Denver. He was given all the advantages of school and graduated at the age of seventeen years. He did not remain idle very long, but very soon made application to examination for the position of clerk in the postoffice department, and out of 120 competitors Mr. Fields made the highest percentage of all. He was immediately pressed into service, and by his conduct and business qualification he soon found favor with his new associates, and at their business meeting held December 8th, 1899, Mr. Fields was elected secretary of the Denver branch of United National Association of Post-office clerks. He has held the position with credit to himself and also the race. He is held in very high esteem by all, and especially the oldtimers, who have known him from boyhood.

"A colored boy of Denver carried off the honors at the examination for positions in the postoffice department which

was held in that city February 6th, 1897. The Denver boy stands first out of 120 aspirants and, according to the rules of the department, the first vacancy in the class to which he applied for admission will be awarded to him. The name of the champion is Julius W. Fields. He is a son of the late Rev. Fields of that city and a graduate of the East Denver High School. Young Fields is almost coal black in color. He presented himself for examination for the position of clerk in the postoffice department on the 2d of February last. The examination lasted two days, and yesterday the special board conducting the test received from Washington the returns as compiled at the national capital. It was a surprise to find that the only colored applicant stood at the head of the list and secured a percentage of 94.90, the highest by almost one per cent of any of the applicants.

Fields is about nineteen years of age and has shown aptitude for education from his earliest years. His father was very proud of the boy, and gave him every advantage the public schools of the city afforded. The youth proved a diligent and conscientious student and was an easy winner when pitted against a room full of Caucasians. One test which is looked upon by the postoffice authorities as the most important in the examination is the ability to read quickly a variety of badly written addresses with lightning rapidity, and was marked perfect. The quickness of his eye won him the victory, and members of the board were greatly pleased when they learned that the honors had gone to the one they considered really the most deserving. Out of the total number examined last February thirty-five were rejected, as their percentage fell below seventy, which is the dead line in the examinations."—The News.

Miss Naomi M. Hooper was born in Davenport, Iowa, but came to Milwaukee when quite small, subsequently she was raised a Milwaukee girl.

She was educated in the Milwaukee public schools and graduated from the

high school of that city. She is one of the most highly gifted elocutionists in Milwaukee. She is now taking a special course at the Milwaukee Academy of Elocution.

She directed a dramatic entertainment held at the St. Mark's A. M. E. Church, the leading colored church of Milwaukee, in Ingomar and Leath the Forsaken, assisted by Dr. Clifton A. Johnson, Mrs. Wm. D. Hargrove and I. P. Hale. The rendition of the famous scenes were given with no little ability.

She has a sweet and lovable disposition, and has won the hearts of her many friends. Invitations have been extended to her from the leading white churches of Milwaukee, where she has read several times and was highly appreciated.

In the early part of next fall Miss Hooper will take an extensive trip East, where she will give many recitals.

Miss Hooper is secretary of the S. Lillian Coleman W. Club.

A. L. Harris is the founder and manager of Harris' Dramatic Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Harris is a Buckeye by birth, having been born on a farm in Pike county in 1864. His education was secured by his own efforts and exertions. He has travelled extensively, and is well acquainted with the ways of the world. In '85 he graduated with honors from the Springfield, Ohio, high school. He is a consistent reader and a deep thinker, and with his extensive travelling he gained a practical education, which otherwise he could not have gotten. His elocutional training he secured in Boston and Chicago and for several years he has played the leading roles in amateur companies in such plays as Dessalines Othello, Richard III, Hamlet and Julius Caesar. About two years ago he conceived an idea that the dramatic stage

needed a play written entirely for colored players, and his brain and pen began to work. He has just completed a four-act tragedy. The name of his play is "Hayti's Bogus Prince." It is a simple story of Haytian life, told in its author's best style, and is a dramatic gem of great power and beauty. Its pathos moves the heart with its tender emotions, and there are a number of amusing comedy scenes interspersed throughout the play that serve to brighten the intense situation upon which the tragedy is founded. The types of character are true to the locality, the rearing slopes of Hayti's lofty peaks. The story is clever and coherent, the interest in it developing the moment the curtain rises, and continuing in intensity with unflagging interest. Here is a touch of pathos, there a bit of delicious comedy, flavored with a little tragedy; now a pretty love story twines in and out, and here it is disturbed by the blot of crime. Novel climaxes have been carefully interwoven which will bring into prominence the wonderful hero. Here it tells a story of pure and wholesome tone, yet drawn on the strongest dramatic elements of human nature. The play is written entirely for Negro performers. Frank, the villain, is like Iago in his scheming and treachery and Richard III in his ambition and villany. The story is based on the aristocratic society of Hayti. Gradually drawn from the time of Toussaint L'Ouverture up to the present, it has every essence of human interest, and is full of sensations. With all it is a love story pure and simple, with every trait of human affection that could be lent to make the play nomadic.

Mr. Harris has formed a stock company of young men, and they intend to put his play on the road if the first performance is a success. No expense is being spared to make it the hit of the season.



THE QUALITY OF COLOR.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

It was in Florence they met. Of course Mrs. Bencough had to accept him because the Florentines did, as also the French and English before them. Mr. Bencough would have accepted him in America for what he was without a scruple. As for Alice, it was the man himself who won her, and not the degree of his achievement in art.

This was all very well, this familiarity with one of his race in Europe, was Mrs. Bencough's conclusion; but in America there could be no such condescension on her part. "But you see," she speculated inwardly, and when she could delicately edge the question unsuspiciously in her conversations with Alice, "He is an artist of striking and unique ability, and these Europeans never bother themselves about a man's place in society if he can delight or instruct them with a marvellous genius. It's traditional with the growth of their culture; but the relation of the two races in America where his race was for so long only valued as a commercial energy for ours, has created a convention, or I might say, a rightful prejudice, that will take a long time to eradicate. Of course we Americans don't mind meeting them in equal lines, in Europe when they have made their mark—but in America it would be simply out of the question. What would our neighbors say?" And it was always with this solvent, "what would our neighbors say?" Mrs. Bencough concluded her tirade.

But with her subtle reasoning she applied the same to her sojourn in Florence. "What would her neighbors do if she ostracised him? She weighed her importance as a well-to-do American without special distinction, accept a social ambition to mingle with the best European sets be considered a distinc-

tion, against his, and was sufficiently wise to be discreet.

On Mrs. Bencough's part this meant she would reveal no visible displeasure at Richard Chelmsford's intimacy with her daughter. She feigned, after some weeks of their acquaintance, a positive pleasure that Alice's taste and inclination should so well speak for her training and character in choosing so talented and celebrated a man as her companion in the several sight-seeing excursions they made about Florence. She knew that Alice enjoyed immensely Mr. Chelmsford's wonderful explanations and stories of the things and places they saw and visited. His talk about the pictures in the galleries were delightful to listen to, so thorough was his knowledge, and so deeply was he imbued with the spirit of the old masters. His acquaintance with the city in the different and interesting period of its history, and of its great men were related with wonderful simplicity and charm. And then, too, the people he knew, and the charming anecdotes he amused her with about their social catals, love affairs and historic feuds—was there ever one so fascinating with the charm, grace and sentiment of his temperament.

While Mrs. Bencough countenanced it, she had a constant fear of a denouement, which, poor soul, appalled her to dream of.

It was on a day about the early part of April, Alice and Chelmsford returning after a pleasant ramble about the Cascine, along the broad, still Arno, the thing happened which Mrs. Bencough feared. The soft azure of the early spring skies began to give a lustre to the budding branches of the beeches, the pale verdure of the ilex and the blue-tinted needle of the pine. Behind them,

in the Tuscan slopes, fresh green and delicate tintings of distant poplars undulated with exquisite motion against the blue mountains. By the time the couple reached the city the wonderful Florentine twilight was closing down. There little excursion of the afternoon had been a particularly pleasant one, strange communicable feelings of sympathy had been created suddenly during those afternoon hours. Each in their own way became conscious of an attraction very singular, tender and mysterious.

After reaching the city limits the couple approached the Piazza della Signoria, and stopped to rest a while by the Palazzo-Vecchio. It was there, with the influence of the stately beauty and calm magnificence of art transfusing the atmosphere, Richard Chelmsford tenderly poured forth the feelings of his heart.

When he had finished, Alice's exquisite silence and shyness told him his plea was not in vain. The depth of her happiness was inexpressible, and only the confused sweet glance of surrender in her eyes sufficed for the answer Richard's whole being desired.

But there was one great fear, that, unrecognized at first from the sheer delight that filled them, soon, however, made heavy the joy in their hearts. Its gigantic shadow fell across the vision of their future. Instinctively each felt the envy of a national opposition that would surely and emphatically protest against the consummation of this natural law of human affection.

Night had fully descended when they arrived home. Shortly before reaching the Bencough's apartments, Richard remarked: "Alice, shall I speak to your parents about it now?" A shadow stole over Alice's countenance, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she answered, "No, Richard, I want to tell them first myself. I have reasons, dear, for which you must not ask."

When Richard had left her she went to her own room, and despite her happiness, with a heavy heart.

II.

Alice's recital of the event to her mother, told with timidity and misgiv-

ing, was very inconceivable to that lady. Mr. Bencough acquiesced with his daughter, and praised Chelmsford as a fine fellow of distinguished manner and ability. But then it must be said his wife managed all the affairs of the family. It was Mr. Bencough's fault to love his wife too well to gainsay her on any opinions that differed. An estimable fault this, indeed; one that was essential in the promotion of conjugal peace and harmony. But its effect was bound to be felt in many instances, and it would have been well, if for once, in this crucial instance, he had exerted his prerogative as the head of the family.

However, Mrs. Bencough handled her daughter's love affair with much delicacy, but, of course, events were created to suit her purpose. She would not for a moment entertain the idea of conceding a sanction to Alice's marriage with a colored man, no matter how talented or wealthy or socially lionized he was. She attempted to persuade Alice into the belief that her attachment was only a momentary fancy which time would disillusion and serious reflection banish. In the meantime, her subtle brain was devising decisive action.

What she contemplated would cut her own pleasure short and thwart several of her intentions, but then she could not conscientiously permit them to detain her from a duty which she felt was to retrieve her daughter from disaster. Her plans must be worked with some precision, but inevitably. It was to separate them with a reasonable pretext at the earliest opportunity and without injuring Chelmsford's feelings. She possessed that nicety and cultured perception to recognize her daughter's suitor as a gentleman of worth and standing, and had he been of a different racial complexion would have been a match she would have used all her resources to capture for Alice; but as circumstances stood, she wished in the success of her ingenious scheme to have it appear that fate worked in the couple's own hands against them.

In the interval, however, Richard and Alice met again. They previously made an engagement to go to the convent of San Marco, and it fell two days

after the confession at the Palazzo-Vecchio.

Mrs. Bencough received him gracefully when he called for Alice—and had hoped on their departure, that Richard would explain to Alice everything about Fra Angelico's mystical saints and angels. "And do," she concluded, "take her to Saronasold's cell. It is very ennobling to breath the atmosphere where once lived a man who gave his life for the love and devotion of his belief."

The memories of that afternoon will ever live with Richard Chelmsford. Side by side Alice and he paced the corridors and chapter-hall, gazing rapturously at the painted halls where the dreaming saints and graceful angels rapt in visions and adorations glowed in the wonderful and mystic art of Fra Angelico. In this mediæval convent could they express anything by word or countenance but the tenderness of the highest hope? could the petty mandates of a selfish, unjust and prejudiced state come in and mingle its despair with the emotion that halved Chelmsford's talk about the mystic painter's life and art? No! they grew forgetful of all fear and lived only in the present moment. Only when alone did each think of the impending crisis that they both felt to be inevitably enclosing them.

It came the day after the visit to San Marco. In her skilful management, Mrs. Bencough with cunning subterfuge concluded the stay at Florence and started for London. It was a cruel surprise to Alice, whose sensitive position enabled her to pierce her mother's explanation and perceive the motive. She wrote Richard a short, sad note, telling of their sudden leaving and promised to write a letter from London, where they expected to remain a day and a half before sailing to America.

Mrs. Bencough begged her to extend to Chelmsford her husband's and her own thanks for his kindnesses and attentions during their stay in the city, and to say how deeply they regretted the urgent recall to America which forbade them the opportunity to personally bid him good-bye.

Alice's note, announcing the Ben-

coughs' departure, Richard received as a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. A deep wave of passionate protest convulsed his senses. He passed through many conflicting emotions of divinations. When the shock passed, it seemed his most vital faculties lost their powers. A dreamy inactivity—a sort of mystic indolence possessed him physically; while the workings of his mind feebly conceived an image which, now that she had gone, seemed impossible ever to have been real. He had one hope, however, the promise of a letter; and for this he would wait with much expectation. He believed Alice would give some explanation of the circumstances, or at least, as much of it as she commanded; for he felt quite certain what had happened could not have won her approbation or assistance.

Very nearly a week after, a letter came. Richard excitedly opened and read:

London, Monday.

Dear Richard:—We arrived in London this morning; to-morrow we go to Liverpool and sail Wednesday. I can hardly believe all this has come to pass so soon. I dare not, for an instant, realize what you feel and think about it. I am confident your position has led you to understand this sudden situation in which we are placed. I spoke to my parents of the love that existed between you and myself; my father had nothing to say against it, but my mother possessed scruples, not against you, personally, Richard, but those born of her American birth and training. I am very peculiarly placed, for my Puritanic conscience forbids me to rebel. Between duty and love, I am scorched with the fires of two conflicting emotions; yet, I must not speak against my mother, who, no doubt, thinks she is doing the best service for me; but my heart, insensible to all mandates except that of love's, reproaches, in its silent sufferings, her ineffectual act. You understand me, I hope, from these poor, scattering words. But, dear, no power can quench my love for you; however they may buffet this poor, weak body of mine about the

world to avoid you. 'Richard! Richard! my love! my love!' was all my heart cried from Florence to London; and when we meet again, if it so please God, I will fall into your arms with the same passionate cry on my lips.

I will write you again when we arrive home. But do keep a good heart and hope; and believe me always your own darling.

Alice.

The letters that follow tell the remaining history of these ill-starred lovers. They relate this curious but tender and pathetic drama better than the biographer's pen.

Pinckney St., Boston, April 30.

Dearest:—If I had been a disobedient or wilful daughter, I would effront my mother for the suffering I have endured. O! I know this is wicked to say; and yet, I cannot believe it more wicked than heaven deems my treatment. But, dear, it isn't the individual so much as the spirit of our American life which so contradicts the letter of its law. However, I don't mean to complain, but will pray and hope that happiness may come to us.

It seems so strange that I should be in Boston; so absorbed is my being with the influence of your Italian city, where everything I remember is so delightfully associated with you and my love for you. Where the heart dwells in memory, there only is peace and joy to be obtained. And so, you see, this constant dreaming makes all these familiar scenes of my school-day years very strange and unreal. Of course I love them, but in a very singular way. It seems to me, looking backward with knowledge grown from suffering, the memories of those days are a reproach because I lived so unmindful of a less fortunate race than mine.

So, in the fall, when we come back to the city from Nahant, I mean to carry out my plans of educational work in the west end. I want to organize an institution, a sort of social and educational club, among the colored girls of the district; somewhat after the pattern of Robert Elsmere's work for boys and men in Elwood St., London. Shall I not then feel the great throbbing pulse

of a kindred affection? Mother views my scheme with some perplexity, and professes I mystify her. She very often chides me that I have lost my pride, and have no consideration for the family eminence in local society. A better feeling rises in me, which makes me quite ashamed of my weak nation, which cannot tolerate her discouraging opinions, and prompts me to retort if truly my pride is gone, it is she who has taken it from me.

O Richard! Very often, when my heart fills with yearning for you I can hardly hold the flood-gates of rebellion closed. In this crisis, I confine myself in solitude, and pray God to direct me to do what is right. I ask if it is truly a crime to love and be loved by you; my soul and the nature of all pure and righteous things takes the voice and law of God, and answer "No." I know He sanctions the union of our hearts; and in His sight and ours, it is a marriage no man can put asunder. This much is true and eternal; and though no other ceremony be performed, we are still one in His sight.

I remember He has also written "Obey thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" and it is this moral duty alone that constrains my desire to consummate our union by decree of church and state. God, I am sure, will convince my mother how unjust is her prejudice; and with this hope in my heart, life promises a future full of golden hours.

Your own,

Alice.

Florence, May 24.

Dearest Alice:—Cruel indeed, have the Fates been to you and me. I have suffered even as you, and have even been tempted to do that, which if performed, would have been the folly of unreason. I know, dear, what would have been the consequences, what a disagreeable annoyance would have existed if I followed you to America, as my despairing and injured feelings prompted. And yet, I cannot forego my claims; the bond that binds us, as you have said in your letter, is writ from the holiest law created; and

what is man that he should set a standard against it? The quality of color! How pitiful and unjust that this should stand as a test for so much in our great American civilization. Has not God made of many colors the flowers of the field? And though the lily be white, it certainly is no criterion that it is a sweeter or a handsomer flower than the rose, that is red. Cannot we liken the human races, comparing the souls in our bodies to the perfume of flowers? It is the flower's fragrance that fixes its value; and so must it be the soul of man that is to give him his place in society. God, dear, has given you a nobler and truer conception of life, a higher sense of what is meant by human brotherhood.

Your brave spirit fills my heart with a melancholy joy. It seems impossible for me to hope as you do, but the tender influence of your large nature, and your optimistic faith in a relenting system are lovable and sustaining.

You remember how the twilight descends over Florence when the Campanile gleams palely against the warm blue dusk of the air? As that tower fades in the gathering shades of night, so I fear, will circumstances force me, a sombre memory in the tangible concerns of your life. If only a memory, believe me as one who loves you always.

Richard.

(There were several letters between the last here printed and the following; but being purely of erotic nature they are eliminated.)

Boston Nov. 18.

Dearest:—I have delayed writing because I want to give you some account of my venture with the girl's club which has been fairly started since my last. My plans have succeeded very well, indeed, beyond my expectations, because I have found the girls willing to acquire the training and teachings I have to give them, and their parents very anxious their daughters should have this opportunity to improve themselves. Our instructions are various and fundamental. It is my wish to impart to them the rudiments which will lead them, when they grow a little older, to a full comprehension of Matthew Arnold's "Sweet-

ness and Light." They receive it in a simple form to grasp the general principles and single purpose of living. The clear terms of behaving well and admiring beauty have worked marvels already in their daily existence; and in heightening the hopes of their future.

One afternoon in each week is devoted to reading, and the day is always awaited with much interest. It is wonderful what susceptible imaginations the girls possess; and it was through that faculty I hoped to awaken their better selves to aspirations and ideals. I feel elated with my success in transforming their sensibilities. Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" was a great favorite; its sombre beauty and quiet music impressed the girls beyond expression. It was a deep, beautiful and poetic story that moved their hearts to kindness and pity. The poets have extended a great influence over them. Longfellow and Tennyson are the idols. But you may believe me when I tell you how amazed I was when one of the girls remarked to me after I read Lanier's "Hymn of the Marshes" to them, that Lanier impressed her as being the greatest poet she had ever read. I confessed to her, after Poe and Whitman, I deemed him the most original American poet, and quite the equal, in other respects to the New England school. I mark this girl as exceptional. She has temperament, and Lanier's color and music appealed to a latent sympathy and taste in her akin to the poet's mood. The books I believe to have the greatest influence on the girl's spiritual development are Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" and "What all the World's A-Seeking." I have given the girls a copy of each and the testimonials they have made of the power in these "Life" books, I feel to be the expression of their souls' awakening to a higher life and ideals. I must not fail to mention the instructions in music, drawing and embroideries and a complete course in the humanities. Spencer's "Education" has helped wonderfully in the latter. For, despite what higher accomplishments they acquire, it is essential they must never disregard the fact that a woman's greatest success

in life is always tempered by the degree in which she discharges the natural functions of her sex as a wife and mother.

So much about my work, Richard. It has been a balm to me in some sense; and yet, with all the energy and mental attention I pay it, it does not suffice to drive out certain thoughts which seriously weave their influence into every act of my life. It is ever the fact that you are kept so far away from me by an unnatural, unchristian and cruel prejudice. I am heartily sick with shame for the vaunted justice and Godly grace of brotherly virtues my country's constitutional canons boast of.

I must tell you I am not well, for you must know all that concerns me. It stormed the last afternoon I came from reading at the Club, and my shoes became damp. Usually I am affected thus; I have not been out since. But you must not worry; a few days' rest with the doctor's skill will soon mend me. Write me soon, dear, that I may have some audible part of you by me, singing your love, your great, brave soul. In life or death. Your own darling,

Alice.

My dearest Alice:—Your letter came to me yesterday afternoon on my return from San Marco. Reading it with the influence and atmosphere of those holy cloisters fresh in my soul, dreamful of memories and remembrances, can you wonder that your words filled me with love's deepest despair, mingled with a feeling of supreme tenderness and worship? So great has the hunger of my love grown of late, I have relegated scruples and considerations of your nation's prejudice to the winds of indiscretion. I have no thought only to be near you and claim you; your love has given me courage to become bold. I could descend upon those who have incarcerated you in their forts, and in a whirlwind storm of love, conquer their opposition. I cannot endure the thought of you bearing pain in the least way. O the blind guardians of your welfare; cannot they discover that no inclemency of God's visible sky makes you ill? Cannot they learn that love alone is the

physician that will cure you? God has sent you, an angel, to those poor girls, whom you love and work for. Dearest Alice, how I wish we could labor together in the royal path of true greatness. Art and life reach supreme power only when love illumines the work and deed. These things that I observe, make my only will to win you against all the forces that array to defeat me. I have never lived before now; I have only felt the consciousness of senses. To-day the magnitude of my inner aspirations have given me the realization of a spiritual existence beyond the ken of man to subdue. This is the higher law of God's creation; against it the principles of earthly belief are impotent. Love is the incarnation of this highest law, and philosophy, government, art and individuals must conform to its mandates.

My dear, at times, Florence, this beloved city of my adoption, oppresses me. Visiting the associations of my wooing fills me with a sense of fatality. Visions of you under memorable circumstances, alone banish my distress. I am restless at my canvass. When I do take brush and palette in my hands, I do nothing but sit before the canvass and dream, with the melancholy words and tender music of Aldrich's poem "In an Atelies," running through my mind. Thinking of your loveliness and goodness I repeat aloud in the mellowness of a bitter anguish, those beautiful lines:

"I wish that I might crush a star

To make a pigment for your eyes."

Your eyes, dear, where flows forth the paradisaical light of your divine soul. One day, after such dreaming before my canvass, I made a triolet about your eyes. This is how it went:

"Eyes, O eyes of soulful meaning,

Windows where my heart is gazing,
Sees an angel's soul a-dreaming;

Eyes, O eyes of soulful meaning

Where the stars of love are beaming,

Burns my soul in their upraising—

Eyes, O eyes of soulful meaning

Windows where my heart is gazing."

I sit and wonder often if there is truly a God in heaven. If I convince myself there is, a doubt steals in my heart to question His omniscience, His omnipo-

tency, His infinite justice and love. This doubt I would accept and nurture if it were not for the influence of your brave heart. Surely, He will, I believe, compensate us yet for the suffering and anxiety we endure. It burdens my heart with grief to feel for you; the contempt of silence that surrounds you, the helplessness of your condition, the withdrawal of sympathy your former associates maintain, because of racial difference. Love knows no race nor creed; its eternal significance tramples the petty partialities of men under foot. This is a truth that must be accepted before the world reaches the millennium. But how much richer in peace and happiness would man be if he would accept it now.

Let me beseech you dear, not to worry, but to keep your health. Let your work distract your mind from unpleasant facts, and God will evolve our destinies. May He bless and make successful your efforts. Heaven has our hearts and our love in its keeping.

Your own,

Richard.

Dearest Richard:—In my heart a thousand little voices are calling you. Something tells me you hear them across the many hundred miles of water that divide us, though they are dumb to those who enter my room to attend me. The doctor informs me that I am quite sick, and my parents and friends wear anxious faces; what ails me beside a persistent cough seems a mystery. I regard myself as being terribly tired; and feel certain, after many days of rest, I shall be perfectly strong and active enough to get up and go out; yet, after a whole month, this weariness reveals no inclination to depart. While alone with me, a few days ago, the doctor confidentially asked me if I possessed any secret brooding; he hoped by an affirmative answer to reach the cause of my malady. I informed him, however, to the contrary. I suspect he disbelieved me, for he looked puzzled. He left without further talk on the matter. I am unaware that father conversed with him about it. The next day father came to my room with a book he apparently had been reading. He placed it

on a chair beside my bed among my others, and evidently forgot to take it with him when he departed. Desiring something new to read, I picked it up. It was Michelet's "L'Amour." I read portions of the book during the afternoon, when left alone. It was dusk when father entered my room again, soon after his return home, from which he had been absent some hours. I had expressed a desire to Della not to have the room lighted. Father came to my bedside and kissed me; his lips touched my moistened cheeks, at which he seemed visibly disturbed. I had wept over what I had read in the book. Father asked me what troubled me; if I felt decidedly worse. He drew a chair to the bed, and in the deepening twilight his low voice in its thoughtful, serious pitch revealed the emotion of a nature deeply moved. "Alice, my dear," he repeated, "tell me, why these tears?" Summon what powers I possessed, I could not control another deluge; I could not resist his kindly heart, his sympathetic, generous soul. I told him what I read in the book that moved me. He grew doubly serious. "Alice," he asked, "you still love and think of Mr. Chelmsford?" I simply answered, "Yes." He spoke no more of you and we kept a long silence in the dark. Mother entered soon after, had a light made and my tea brought up, which I scarcely touched, having little appetite.

Shall I tell you, Richard, what I read in M. Michelet's book? No, no, dear, after second thought, I think it best not to. I fear the results. But this much I will impart; it diagnosed my illness. Father gives me reason to believe he understands. What I desire most I cannot obtain—sight and sound of you. To take this silently burning despair and bitter longing out of my soul would be to give place to a vitalizing process in my nature. O! if the world could but read the tablets of a woman's heart; would there not be rosier cheeks and brighter eyes among them?

Dear Richard, I have not strength to write more. Even what I have written exhausts me. If I could but overcome this weariness, I am sure I would soon

get rid of my cough. I dreamed you came to me last night, and I was perfectly well. I confess when I woke and found it unreal, my heart sank with infinite despair. In those minutes, it seemed my very heart would break. Poor little heart, so entirely shut from sympathy—so silent, aching and sad; impotently battling for health, bound in the shackles of an oppressed love. Richard, my tears and my heart are for you; my own self I will forget for your sake, remembering you, too, must suffer as well as your own,

Alice.

After the occurrence of which Alice speaks in the foregoing letter concerning her father's discovery of her weeping, Mr. Bencough, apprehending the condition of his daughter's mind, and applying Michelet's theory to the case, wrote Chelmsford the following letter:

Dear Mr. Chelmsford:—My letter will cause you some surprise. Let it not, I beseech you, obscure your sense of apprehension. I regret that I failed the foresight to address it long ere this, when it might have saved all concerned a world of pain and sorrow. I mailed my daughter's letter to you some two days ago, and hasten my own by the exigencies of a rapid development in her illness. The cause of the alarming symptoms now discoverable in her, while emanating from certain natural causes, our doctor and myself in interview have agreed to be aggravated by the existence of an injured affection. Mr. Chelmsford, there is little need for me to rehearse some facts of which you are too well acquainted. Alice to-day informs me you were of my sentiments in the matter. I feel, however, because of the course events followed, I have lost some of my character in not maintaining my daughter's happiness and well-being, which is more to me than the upholding of a social caste that tends to falsify the doctrine and spirit for which our country exists, by supporting the elections of her heart. I did not begin this letter with the intention of criticising, personally or otherwise, and write

to promote the only possible means that can allay the catastrophe now invading my life. I will answer for whatever consequences follow, and, in so doing, defy the intrusion of public opinion into the sanctity of a man's home. Come to us immediately. Restoration of health to my daughter must be accomplished; the physician has done what he could. I am not a mass of poetry or romance, but I believe the power of your love will bring health, joy and hope back to her broken heart.

Very sincerely yours,

Henry Bencough.

These last two letters Richard received together. They encompassed his heart with a great fear. He never dreamed Alice's condition so alarming. With all possible haste, preparations were completed and he was soon en route for America. On his second day at sea, Mr. Bencough cabled him at Florence, to urge haste. Meanwhile, in Boston, that old, old tragedian came upon the scene at the Bencough home to act out the drama of human life. The last speech is said; sudden and swift the curtain fell; the hush of deep emotion and sorrow quelled living pulses—and slowly one by one, memories file out. Mrs. Bencough, bowed beneath the weight of a remorseful conscience; her husband morbidly crazed at the impotence with which he had clothed his authority. However, there was the common ground of bereavement. They beheld their only issue, a fair and noble souled woman in the first wonders of matured magnificence, still and pale with death's sleep upon her. In the quiet, marble countenance, death wrought a mysterious expression of mellowed pain which seemed to the parents, the message of a broken heart.

Richard Chelmsford reached Boston the day following Alice's death. It was evening, and he drove immediately to the house. Stepping from his carriage, he beheld that signia which, to the public gaze, marked where the angel of death had visited. Ascending the steps, every fibre of his body frigid and heavy, he rung the bell. Mr. Bencough admit-

ted him. The two men grasped hands with a mutual silent anguish.

"Alice died yesterday." Somewhere out of time and place these words fell on Richard's heart with a smothering sense.

Mrs. Bencough met him in the drawing room.

"Mr. Chelmsford," she said, "I feel responsible for this calamity. God alone knows my suffering. I appreciate the anguish of your own heart,—and—O God! Alice, Alice,—what she must have endured. It is too late, too late to ask my child's pardon; please sir, let the charity of your heart grant me yours."

A passionate pity filled Chelmsford's heart for the woman who surrendered her pride and humbled her great blind heart in the hour of an excruciating ordeal, from which she was to pass, purified and ennobled by justice and charity.

"Mrs. Bencough," Richard responded, "the mistake you made is unbearably apparent in the sorrow upon us. My own grief consumes whatever feeling of resentment my heart has ever held towards you. The inevitable cannot be altered. Let us live in tender memory

of that gracious soul who has passed to abide with God's angels. Madam," he concluded, with the austere prophecy of a divine oracle, "she is but another martyr whose soul has been consecrated to American liberty."

Turning to Mr. Bencough, Chelmsford asked—"Will you conduct me to the death chamber?"

They entered the hall and approached a door on the opposite side of the house to the left.

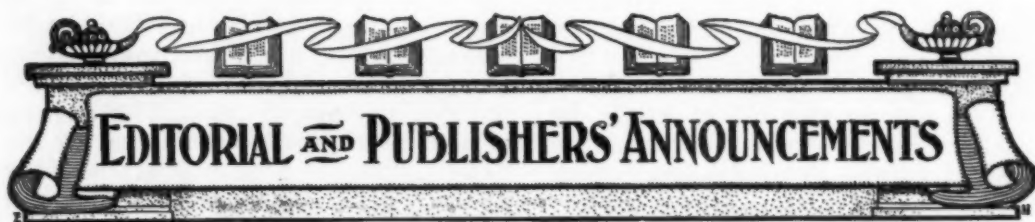
"Will you grant me the privilege of going in alone, Mr. Bencough?" Richard asked.

"If you desire it."

"Indulge me, sir, in this, and thank you."

Mr. Bencough returned to his wife.

Richard entered the presence of death; two dim candles burned on the mantle; by these he discerned that object which sent to his heart the shock of a thousand agonies. Lifting the shroud, the fair marble face of death met his eyes. "Alice," he murmured, and the tears came to his eyes like the rush of an April shower.



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As this issue goes to press, we note in the daily papers that a shot has been fired against the southern states in their attempt to not only take away the rights of every man of color within their borders, but to keep those rights from him for many years to come. We trust that this shot may be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land and that in the near future the Afro-Americans as

a race, may so rally together, that by force of numbers they may be able to secure their rights under the Federal Constitution. As a race we ask for no special favors, but simply to be put on an equality, before the law, with all other American citizens, and we will then gladly abide the results.

The following report will show what is being done along this line in Alabama:

Montgomery, Ala., April 29.—The first step has been taken by the negroes of Alabama toward testing the new constitution of the state. Nelson Bibb, an aged negro, made affidavit before a notary that he had been denied the right to register, although alleging that he complied with all of the qualifications exacted by the constitution. It was said that this affidavit will be used by W. H. Smith, a negro lawyer from New York who is here, in filing a bill in the U. S. district court declaring that the constitution of Alabama is contrary to the federal constitution. If he is unsuccessful in the lower court, the case will be appealed to the U. S. supreme court.

The outcome of this entire matter has been very clear to us from the start. The southern whites who are opposed to the negro (do not like the progress he is making), have succeeded in getting the race as a whole just where they want them, and they will leave no stone unturned to keep them there.

If the southern whites who have worked so hard to take away the vote from the negro, had really, as has been claimed, desired to stimulate him to a higher and better condition, would they not have been willing to allow all illiterates, both white and black, to stand on the same basis?

This is what we contend for, and it must come. Anything less would be alike unfair to the name of American Freedom as well as to the race, which under God's guidance will yet receive restitution for all that it has suffered, if only we live up to the best and highest that is within us.

With this issue we begin our third year, and we feel that it will be one of the most prosperous in our history. It has taken the past two years to really convince the race that they had a first-class magazine that was going to live and become one of the strong publications of the opening century. Every day brings us increasing evidence of new friends made not only among our people but the whites as well. In fact "The Colored American Magazine" is fast gaining ground as a most thoroughly represen-

tative publication, and one that shows in no uncertain manner the real progress of the race. Let the good work go on. Spread the good news of the magazine in every village, town and city. Pour in your subscriptions on us, but don't forget the remittance with each one! We agree if you send in too many, to let you know at once.

Our June issue will be filled with fresh and seasonable matter. The second installment of "Winona" will prove even better than the first.

Prof. Hamedoe will also contribute a most interesting paper on "Ithamar"—The Land of the Palm. It will treat of Siamese history, customs, etc., and will contain a full account of the father of the present monarch, and also a sketch of the present king, whom many of our senators recently honored by introducing a resolution in Congress inviting him to visit America at the nation's expense.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that Miss Hopkins has been able to obtain a sketch of the career of Miss Maria L. Baldwin, Principal of Louis Agassiz school, Cambridge, Mass., who will in October, 1902, close twenty years as a teacher in Massachusetts public schools, thirteen of which have been passed as principal of the above school. "The Colored American Magazine" has obtained in this sketch what numbers of local newspaper men connected with our great daily papers have failed to get. Miss Baldwin has given this sketch for the encouragement of our young, struggling women of the race.

It will appear in the June number.

Our short stories, by our Race writers, are becoming more and more literary in style, and we shall soon see an era of strong competition in the field of letters.

Let us have your matter; we shall offer you the benefit of our suggestions, as, down deep into your general composition, may be lurking a gem of literary fire, which only needs encouragement and development.